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The Island of Repentance

IT has been a year of violence and folly. There is some small consolation that Christmas Day found a U.N. force installed in the Middle East, engaged on the constructive work of clearing the Suez Canal and laying the foundations of an Arab-Israeli peace; but elsewhere, wherever we look, the prospect is comfortless. The year opened with a carefully planned attempt, on the part of the Soviet leaders, to introduce some measure of de-centralisation in their vast empire. But when the process was launched beyond recall, and began to take paths they had not foreseen, their nerve failed; the tanks were summoned, and the experiment has led to disaster and bloody ruin.

The violence of Moscow has been compounded by the folly of Westminster. Sir Anthony Eden and his reluctant ministers decided to set in reverse the policies which had guided the administration of our colonial empire since the war, and to stake everything on a single, desperate throw. But again there was a failure of nerve: Christmas Eve saw the last British troops marched out of Egypt, in silence and ignominy, leaving behind a sub-continent, to which our industrial future is irretrievably linked, seething with hatred for our name. And, to its inhabitants, Russian pressure seemed a prime reason for our withdrawal. At the very moment when the Soviet leaders were strangling Hungary's new-found democracy, they were able to present themselves to the Arab world as the only trustworthy protection against the fury of western colonialism. America's courageous decision to cut herself off from her principal western allies, and to undertake a "neutral" Middle East policy based on the U.N., may eventually save something from the wreckage. But for the moment at least our losses have been Russia's gains.

A new British policy for the Middle East will have, eventually, to be built up from the foundations. But the present government has neither the will nor the reputation to create it, and it will shortly, we trust, lack the mandate also. The task will have to be transferred to cleaner and more capable hands. Nevertheless, there is, in our view, one positive step which the dying Eden government can take: to restore peace in Cyprus.

In the furore of Egypt, Cyprus has been largely forgotten. But in the last few weeks, the situation has been transformed. First, Sir John Harding's plan to end terrorism and impose a solution by force has met with total and unmitigated defeat—of which the reorganisation of the security forces is an open admission. Second, Lord Radcliffe has produced a plan for a constitution which, by sheer ingenuity, has—on paper at least—solved many of the complex problems which hitherto barred the island's progress to self-government.

Since both the Greek and the Turkish governments have, in recent months, shown much greater flexibility in their attitudes, only one element is missing for a solution: the clearly expressed will of the British government to achieve one. True, it has accepted the Radcliffe plan, has introduced some relaxation in Cyprus penal laws, and has even, by sending emissaries to Archbishop Makarios, gone some way towards recognising the unique role he has to play. But these concessions have failed to satisfy the Greek government that our intentions, this time, are serious. Until we create a climate of confidence, even the ingenuity of Lord Radcliffe is useless. And so long as we refuse to name a date on which the option of self-determination will be accorded, and continue to shroud the island's future in the nebulous clouds of British defence strategy, that confidence will be withheld.

Moreover, more is at stake in Cyprus than the future of its 250,000 inhabitants. Our aggression against Egypt has led Westminster to lose its position as the world's moral centre of gravity and, in so doing, has immeasurably weakened our power and influence. By accepting the U.N. directive and withdrawing our troops rapidly, we have begun the long, upward climb back to respectability. The process will doubtless take years, perhaps decades; but it could, beyond question, be hastened by an undertaking about Cyprus, which has become a symbol of British intransigence, not merely to the Greeks but to millions of people for whom it is simply a spot on the map. For them, Cyprus could become the Island of Repentance.

Comments on the Week's News

Washington and Disarmament

The new American plan for disarmament is much more flexibly conceived than the cut-and-dried formulas which have been previously presented to the U.N. committee. It is, in fact, more of a fresh approach than a new plan, and the White House is clearly willing to modify the proposals if it sees a chance of moving towards an agreement with the Russians. The old insistence on "inspection-in-place" before any cut in arms or forces has gone; the President no longer insists upon his "open skies" suggestion as another condition—though he believes this an important part of any disarmament scheme; and the Pentagon, fearing that the Soviet Union may now actually be ahead on some aspects of guided-missile research, has dropped its objections to any limitation short of perfection. These changes, coupled to the offer to stop H-bomb tests if suspension is linked to a general agreement on disarmament, seem to remove most of the differences which have previously blocked progress on the five-nation committee. Washington may also be willing to consider some form of withdrawal in Europe, as long as this is matched by a genuine Soviet pull-back and the creation of a neutral belt in Europe. But the President and his advisers are likely to give an agreement about disarmament priority over any change in the disposition of forces in Europe. Such an agreement, the President considers, would be a frame in which the European problem could be realistically discussed—with both sides having given proof of honest intentions by a previous agreement about disarmament.

Freer Speech on the Air?

A month or two must pass before any assessment can be made of radio and TV programmes now released from the straitjacket of the 14-day rule. The formal removal of this restriction is a limited victory for free speech and comment: it was a noxious imposition by over-sensitive oligarchs who sheltered behind fine phrases about "parliamentary primacy," and it worked neither to the credit of parliament nor to the good of the public. A democracy should be strong enough to stomach free debate of any kind within the limits of decency and libel. The rule, moreover, created silly difficulties for both the BBC and ITA. It not only disrupted carefully planned programmes at the last moment and imposed a gag on the discussion of certain subjects of great public interest: it also meant that producers and speakers on programmes which did not directly deal with banned issues had to delete references which might obliquely touch on them. The rule was a nuisance. The question is whether the "understanding" which takes its place may make even more trouble. The BBC and the ITA have assured the government that they will act within the spirit of the Commons' resolution of November 30, 1955, which established the principle of "some limitation" on "anticipation" of parliamentary proceedings. Even more "unofficial" consultation between high personages in the broadcasting world and the government?

The last question is crucial, for the last few months have shown that in a period of crisis—especially when a Conservative government is in office—all kinds of pressure are put on the BBC and ITA to keep a proper "balance," from open attacks on the BBC's "impartiality" by Tory M.P.s, to nods and winks at private gatherings. Yet the concept of "balance" is as nebulous in practice as the "spirit" of the Commons' resolution on November last year. It does not mean simply counting heads. The difficulty, which arises even more on TV than on ordinary broadcasting, is that the "Whig dogs"—in this case Labour speakers—tend to get the best of it for one simple reason. Labour publicists have been reared on argument; successful debate is the route to eminence for them because that is the nature of Labour politics. The Tory, on the other hand, has not usually reached the House of Commons because he is an able debater: politics, for him, is a part of his class life, not its total expression, and he is often at a loss when driven to public discussion. Two unlikes are matched in an arena which favours the Labour protagonist. This problem cannot be overcome by patching up rules and by artificially contrived "balance." It is part of the competition in the market-place of ideas—a market in which the press and other factors which influence public opinion have long been substantially under Tory control.

Indonesian Army Revolts

It is very unlikely that the Indonesian government (the first one to be chosen by the people in a general election) can survive the revolt of the army in Sumatra. This has been more effectively organised than the earlier revolt in Java. The army commanders in North and Central Sumatra have seized control of the provincial administration. They declare that only when an honest government is established at the centre, will they recognise its authority. This revolt represents something deeper than army discontent; the central government has failed to understand the need for provincial autonomy, especially in Sumatra where the Atchenese have been fighting a guerilla war for several years in protest against the overcentralisation in Java. Separatist tendencies, the worst threat to the republic, lie only just below the surface. Meanwhile, the leader of the recent army revolt in Java carries on a newspaper campaign against the government although he was dismissed and is still in hiding. He says that he will only surrender when a new government is set up with Dr. Hatta and the Sultan of Djogjakarta as members. Interparty conflicts, the impending prosecution of the Foreign Minister on charges of corruption and President Sukarno's campaign for the dismissal of political parties and a Peoples' Council, emulating the one-party system of USSR and China, all add to the general confusion. The Communist Party secretary is no longer a warm advocate of the government and now suggests that if a new government is set up, his party would like to have ministerial posts if the policy suits them.

East Germans and Poland

The East Germans have reacted sharply to recent events in Poland and Hungary. Karl Schirdewan, the Politburo leader in charge of membership, has reiterated that the test of the maturity of a Communist party is its attitude of loyalty to the Soviet Union—thus implying that the Yugoslav and Polish Communists are immature. And *Neuer Weg*, a fortnightly magazine, writes: "We must take care in our ideological discussions that, in talking about the national peculiarities of the road to Socialism, we do not allow nationalist tendencies to creep in." Such criticisms were directed especially at a Polish writer, Edda Werfel, who had accused the East German press of giving a distorted picture of the events in Poland. Its report of the Polish central committee's decisions, she complained, left out "everything that had something to do with inner party democracy, the openness of the party's activities, democratic election of functionaries, or the right to hold minority opinions. The only sentence retained said that there was no place in the party for those who opposed the principles of the party's programme. In short, we were made cowards in the best Stalinist manner and that at the very moment when we have got rid of it once and for all." The East German Communists, worried by events in Poland and Hungary, have fallen back on the old methods of persecutions and confessions. The editorial board of *Sonntag*, a cultural weekly, is beating its breast for past lapses into liberalism. It writes that "the frightening events in Hungary have jolted us into recognising that we did not correctly read the signs, did not take issue with false and anti-Socialist ideas, and failed to caution our Hungarian friends of the dangerous consequences. Was that accidental? Or is it a sign of confusion which also prevails here about the destructive consequences of discussions which coincide with the attacks upon Socialism on the international level?" And the arrest of Dr. Harich and other "intellectuals" on the grounds that they sought "to restore the capitalist system" suggests that the Pankow regime is not going to let "false and anti-Socialist ideas" take hold as they did in Poland and Hungary.

A Colonial Gaffe

It is not only the Copperbelt emergency and the detentions which are agitating Africans in Northern Rhodesia. Recently moves have been afoot again to institute constitutional changes. At present the Legislature is composed of 12 elected Europeans, eight officials, two Europeans nominated to represent African interests—and only four Africans who are all nominated. There has been pressure in both Rhodesia and Britain during the last ten years to reform this undemocratic constitution. Yet, in spite of the fact that over this period thousands of Africans in Northern Rhodesia have worked in the Copperbelt and gained some little experience in democratic procedure, no substantial changes have been made. Considering that Northern Rhodesia has about two million Africans and only 60,000 Europeans, the roots of unrest here can be clearly seen. Since 1953 pressure for African advance in this territory has been blocked by the opposition of the Central African Federation. This was to be expected; but it is unpardonable to find that the British representative in Northern Rhodesia, who should be pressing the democratic claims of the Africans, appears to have accepted the Federation outlook. When he was last in London, Sir Arthur Benson, the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, made this extraordinary statement: "We cannot in any circumstances permit a system of franchise which will leave white brains at the mercy of black-born." These words surely echo from the early 19th century. Anyone who knows the way in which such "white brains" are used by the majority of Europeans on the Copperbelt will recognise this sentiment as sheer hypocritical propaganda. It seems that once again it will be left to parliament in this country, to the "Westminster busybodies," to act as the custodians of democracy in Central Africa.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Tokyo

Return to the Fold

A Special Correspondent writes: In Japan, 11 years after the war, the democratic freedoms seem well established. The days when cartoonists crudely lampooned the emperor simply to savour the exhilaration of their own daring are long since past. Today it is easier to be a Communist in Tokyo than in New York. A law to curb subversive activities has so far remained a dead letter. The trade unions are largely able to ignore the limited legal restrictions on their activities. Censorship of books and films is looser than in London. The law of libel cuts very little ice, and the courts fight a losing battle to restrict press comment on cases *sub judice*. Is there too much freedom? It is not, perhaps, surprising that the man who recently posed this question and so set off a vociferous intellectual debate in the Tokyo monthly reviews should have been a novelist who lent his pen freely to the stimulation of patriotism during the war. It is, though, illustrative of the complexities of Japanese political alignments that his remarks should have been prompted by a tour of Russia and China. In Japan, he thought, post-war emphasis on freedom was leading the nation down the slippery slopes of individualistic hedonism. In the Communist world, on the other hand, though individual freedom was more restricted there was something Japan had lost since 1945—a dedicated idealism and a sense of national purpose.

For most of its recent history Japan has had clear national objectives to strive for—the Meiji drive for modernisation, the abolition of extraterritoriality, international equality, conquest and co-prosperity in Asia. Now, democratised and at peace with her former enemies, Japan's admission to the United Nations has marked her return to a position of respect among the nations. But somehow, the reward fails to satisfy. Must Japan settle down to a permanent position as a fourth-rate power and limit her ambitions to film festivals and Olympic Games? Is it not possible for her again to "count for something" in world affairs? Nationalism, rather than ideological commitment, probably remains the strongest emotional potential in Japanese politics, but today there is no obvious national ambition to polarise it; it lacks any clear focus. It may be a symptom of the resultant malaise that this year has seen a renewed spate of war books idealising, if not the objects of the last war, at least the heroism of the fighters in it. But there still seems little prospect of this nostalgia crystallising into a full-blown revival of the old military and imperial symbols of nationalism. The present Conservative leaders, as they flounder from one party crisis to the next, are incapable of reviving the old symbols as long as their programme of reforming the occupation reforms is chiefly designed to perpetuate their own power. Mr. Ishibashi's new Cabinet seems a mere stop-gap. He wants closer trade ties with the Communists. The foreign minister, Mr. Kishi, is strongly pro-U.S. Lacking any clear goals or symbols to attach itself to, Japan is now about to start her career as a member of the U.N. Will she be content to tag along as a very junior partner in the western alliance? Or will she assert her independence, bidding for a position of leadership in the Afro-Asian bloc? It is obvious what would be the choice of the Socialists if they ever got power; and, after the trade expansion of the past two years, the economic consequences of strained relations with the U.S. would now be less disastrous. But for the present Conservative leaders the choice is less easy. Between the western and the Communist worlds they have no doubt where their interests lie. But the tortuous circumspection of Mr. Shigemitsu at the London Suez Conference in August showed how uneasily Japan hovers on that other great emotional divide which separates the ex-colonised from the ex-colonisers. On the one hand she was lucky to lose her colonial possessions in one traumatic blow and so avoid the temptations and frustrations of a slowly declining empire. And it is possible to rationalise her imperial past as the championship of Asia against western imperialism. Yet she still cannot quite forget the days when she hobnobbed on equal terms with the great powers.

Dublin

Guns Across the Border

An Irish Correspondent writes: The first radical change in the policy of the I.R.A. began in 1948; the year Mr. Costello's government passed the Republic of Ireland Act and thus destroyed the *raison d'être* of the I.R.A. in Eire.

Following this the government suspended Order 5 of the Offences against the State Act, which gave them power to arrest and intern members of illegal organisations. This stopped the war between the I.R.A. and the Eire police. But by 1953, the "boys" were at it again; not attacking the Eire government now, but directing their efforts exclusively across the Border. A few armed raids on the North endowed the protagonists with the authentic rebel glow; the I.R.A. acquired many new recruits and drilling went on in the countryside. Had Costello acted immediately there was a certain danger that the "boys" might have been transformed into martyrs—a process easily accomplished in a community where, up to fifty years ago, it was the done thing to go to prison for political reasons. Now, after a series of warnings, Costello has taken action, by sealing the border with armed police and military from the Republic. While this will not stop raids by groups based inside Ulster, it may at least ensure that the raiders don't come through from Eire.

The ability of the Eire government actually to suppress the I.R.A. in Eire, depends on the effective strength of the "Army." There are undoubtedly many young men in the organisation, attracted originally by the romantic idea of forays across the border, who would buckle under immediately if the Eire police declared total war on them. Some months ago, when the Church excommunicated the I.R.A. there were many defections. But there is a hard core which will be exceedingly difficult to deal with, whose motivation is social rather than political. To them England represents what the capitalist represents to the "have-nots" in other countries; and they have sublimated their social frustration by carrying the banner for Mother Erin.

One of the difficulties has been the inordinate influence of the extremists on both the Northern Ireland and Eire governments. Just as the Eire Cabinet must take account of the I.R.A., so Stormont must listen to the Orange Lodges. Both groups are given to displaying their political passions in public: the red-sashed Orangeman, beating his drum on the "Twelfth" till his knuckles bleed, is blood-brother to the Eireann bawling out "Faith of Our Fathers" in Croke Park Gaelic Football ground.

Westminster

The Hungry Sheep

Four weeks of recess are unlikely to cure the Conservative Party any more effectively than three weeks of holiday in Jamaica cured the Prime Minister. True, the danger of virulent outbreak from the Suez group has subsided; but before the House rose there were other manifestations no less significant because less dramatic.

There was the restiveness of normally submissive government supporters on the Rents and Repairs Bill Committee; they told Mr. Duncan Sandys not only that he must not force the Committee to sit three days a week instead of two, but that he must drop or drastically amend a whole clause affecting the rents of middle-class lettings. Another group brought such pressure on the same minister that he has been compelled to make a rating concession to shopkeepers and businesses.

These developments, small in themselves, are symptoms of the disillusion and frustration which are driving Conservative back-benchers into exasperated bangings-about. They want, they yearn for, leadership. How little they are getting of that was seen in the impromptu debate on collusion with which the parliamentary term virtually closed. Both Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were pressed to say whether they knew beforehand that Israel intended to invade Egypt. It was a simple question to which the government desperately needed to answer "No." Instead Lloyd hedged for several weeks and when, at last, Eden presented himself for examination, he at first hedged too. It was only at the end of the debate, when he was finishing his second speech, that he brought himself to say that there was no foreknowledge; and by that time his own supporters were saying that this could not be true.

While the Prime Minister was thus wriggling, swaying and casting lustreless eyes to the roof, Mr. R. A. Butler sat primly upright absorbed in some papers, beside his leader but markedly aloof from him, except for an irritable glance or two which suggested that the racket was disturbing his concentration. The other leader, Mr. Harold Macmillan, was, of course, wholly absent. So the hungry sheep, looking up, remained unfed. That unfilled longing for leadership was the key to yet another remarkable scene in the closing stages of the last term. We had been debating Hungary and one cynic had said of the earlier stages: "Go in and see the House of Commons at its best. There is no vote, so there are only 30 members present and they're all being exceptionally high minded." However, by the time Mr. Aneurin Bevan rose to wind up, the House was fairly full. He teased the Tories with delicate wit when they criticised the Opposition for opposing. When they still sought to defend their actions in Suez, he hit them with a sledge hammer. But during the last quarter of his speech, the Conservatives without exception sat silently absorbed, mouths slightly open and eyes beginning to shine, like pilgrims emerging from the night of doubt and sorrow into the dawn. For to these men who had lost faith in themselves and in their country Bevan began to speak about the future of Britain and of the possible greatness of that future.

Selwyn Lloyd, who followed, had clearly failed to understand what Bevan was saying; and as he pattered away at a few points of detail from earlier speeches, even his supporters did not notice him. They sat, looking at each other with a wild surmise, silent; and at the end, with an admiring glance or two and a slight inclination of the head towards Bevan, they went silently away.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

The Fiasco of Sharq-al-Adna

SEEKING a scapegoat for its humiliations in the Middle East, the government has turned to our propaganda services. Hence the appointment of Dr. Charles Hill to "co-ordinate publicity." Hence the stationing of a Foreign Office official at Bush House to act as a permanent "liaison officer" with the BBC's overseas services. Most significant of all is the recent venture of the Foreign Office itself into Middle East broadcasting.

In all these moves we can trace the influence of Glubb Pasha who, after his dismissal from Jordan, returned to this country convinced that he was just another victim of "The Voice of Arabia." The time had come, he believed, to drop good manners and tangle with Nasser in his own gutter. With characteristic indecision the government has been unable either to reject this advice outright or to act on it. It has tinkered with the problem. For years it has left the Arabic service of the BBC to spread British influence as best it could by broadcasts from London on short-wave transmission and with inadequate funds. A few months ago Colonel Nasser's intransigence stung the Foreign Office into panic activity. The time had come, it believed, for the government to take a hand. It therefore turned covetous eyes on the only powerful British station in the Middle East, the Sharq-al-Adna station in Cyprus, as the medium through which it could "get back" at Nasser.

The result has been an effort in political warfare as confused and maladroit as the Suez campaign itself. Sharq-al-Adna was a commercially operated station which, since 1948, had been independent of the government. None the less, through its London office, it had kept in touch with the Foreign Office and had helped to "sell" British policy, as well as British exports, in Arab countries—all the more successfully because it was not tied to official directives. The opening of a 100 kw medium-wave transmitter in May, 1955, enormously increased its range and impact. It gained more listeners, but aroused more hostility. Learning as they went along, the men who ran it decided that by their blunt propaganda they were defeating their own ends. They were inciting the Egyptian and Saudi Arabian governments to counter-attack.

Hostilities came to a head in the autumn of 1955 when the Artists' Syndicate in Cairo decided to ban all co-operation with Sharq-al-Adna and thus cut it off from one of its best sources of material. The station then decided to abandon its "tough" policy and to approach its audience through the Arab idiom and the Arab mind. Commentaries were no longer written in Limasol by English editors, but in Beirut, by Arabs in Arabic. Points were made more subtly and deviously but, listener-research revealed, more effectively.

This new development did not suit the British government. When Colonel Nasser nationalised the Canal Company, the Foreign Office complained that the station was not tough enough. It reminded the firm that, under its licence, the Governor of Cyprus had power to requisition the station's facilities in case of emergency. It ignored the warning that, if the station attacked Nasser, the Arab staff would walk out, the Beirut studio would close and there would be no one to translate, to announce or to find the discs and tapes —all referenced in Arabic in the library.

Yet this is what happened when, within a few hours of the Israeli invasion, the station was requisitioned on October 30. Preparations for requisitioning had been going ahead since October 15. Representatives of the BBC had flown out to discuss with the staff the BBC's share of the programmes to be broadcast when the station was taken over. Brigadier Ferguson, head of the Psychological Warfare Unit of the Allied H.Q., arrived to plan the issue of special bulletins of the "Voice of the High Command." Despite these preparations, no one was ready to meet the situation which was bound to arise when hostilities started and the station, renamed "The Voice of Britain," began calling for the overthrow of Colonel Nasser. The Arab staff of Sharq-al-Adna refused to act as Quislings and walked out; the former director resigned in despair at the government's bungling; and the Psychological Warfare Unit was left without a single Arab in its ranks capable of translating or recording its material.

The result was a fiasco. Bombing warnings were transmitted to Egypt by a captain of the R.A.S.C. with a degree in Persian, the intelligibility of whose Arabic was suspect. Difficulties were increased by the fact that, on instructions from Whitehall, the local relay of news from the BBC Arabic Service was suspended from November 5 until after the cease-fire. In the Commons the government has explained that the suspension was for operational reasons.

What this means, of course, is that the BBC was continuing to give the news with traditional impartiality. It gave equal coverage to Mr. Gaitskell and to the Prime Minister. Such honesty was an obvious embarrassment to the government's "operations." But the embarrassment arose from the basic fact that Britain had gone to war as a divided nation. Worse still, the government had gone to war with a different objective from the one it was prepared to acknowledge. While the Prime Minister was telling parliament that his only aim was to separate the combatants, the Allied High Command was telling the Egyptians through the Voice of Britain: "Oh, Egyptians, why has this befallen you? First, because Abd Al-Nasir went mad and seized the Suez Canal."

The government did not resolve its embarrassment by banning the BBC relay from Cyprus. For it dare not requisition—or silence—the Arabic service from London which continued to issue parliamentary reports on short-wave. All the government achieved, therefore, by its partial suppression of the BBC was to cast still more doubt on the credibility of its own bulletins.

None of this would have come to light if the BBC had not been monitoring the Voice of Britain broadcasts. This enabled members of parliament to get access to the scripts and to raise awkward questions in the House. On November 13, the BBC stopped monitoring. The reason given in the Commons was that the BBC does not "normally" monitor British stations. (Why it had done so in the first place was never explained.) For some time, therefore, M.P.s could not discover what material was still going out after the cease-fire. Questions in the House have now revealed that the station is still requisitioned and is broadcasting material partly supplied by the BBC and partly by the government, though the Foreign Office has taken over the responsibility for this from the Allied High Command. At present the BBC contributes four and three-quarter hours of broadcasting out of a total of 15, leaving the Foreign Office with over ten hours to fill-in each day with what it considers "more effective" material.

For some time the government resisted pressure to place this material in the Commons library, claiming that it would cost too much to have it translated from Arabic. Before Christmas, however, I was given access to some of the Foreign Office scripts in English, from which the Arabic broadcasts were prepared. And the astonishing fact has emerged from reading them that they are not sinister essays in subversion, nor even spirited rivals to the Voice of Arabia's gutter techniques, but merely emasculated versions of BBC-type material rendered infinitely dull by the omission of any fact or comment unfriendly to government policy.

The most flagrant form of this selectivity is in what are supposed to be summaries of comments in the British press. A typical summary on November 23 quotes at length—and exclusively —from the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Express*. Another, on December 3, concentrates on the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Dispatch*. Newspapers like the *Manchester Guardian* and the *News Chronicle* are quoted only when they rebuke Colonel Nasser (as when he decided to expel British nationals). They are then referred to, somewhat confusingly, as papers which have "in the past" been critical of the government's policy. The only occasion on which the *Daily Mirror* has been quoted through all these controversial weeks was when it wrote on December 4: "Now let us close the ranks." The contrast between this anodyne propaganda and the press commentaries of the BBC, going out from the same station, must be laughable.

More foolishly still, the Foreign Office bulletins break one of the first canons of propaganda by issuing statements which can be proved untrue. On December 7, they quoted the French Defence Ministry's claim that Anglo-French forces had occupied the greater part of the Canal Zone, and did not correct it in later bulletins. Furthermore, the personal attacks on Colonel Nasser are being maintained. Nor are these crude methods redeemed, either as propaganda or as policy, by the tit-bits of anti-Israel propaganda slipped in from time to time. These, indeed, are more likely to convince the Arab world of Britain's duplicity than of her friendship.

The Foreign Office has explained that the staff engaged in London are information officers whose job it has always been to provide this sort of material. If so, it bodes ill for our information services. This is not only one side of Britain; it is Britain at her worst—insensitive, sanctimonious and arrogant. There is, for instance, the assurance, broadcast on November 7, that the operations in the Canal Zone have gone "entirely according to plan," as they have been "executed with great effect and efficiency and fortunately only resulted in the loss of one British life." There is the homily of November 28 on the Anglo-U.S. alliance, to which, it is claimed, Britain brings "the resources of what remains the most powerful empire in the world," and "America contributes the resources of the richest country in the world." There is the lecture delivered on November 30 under the title, "Nasserism is not the way," in which Moslems are assured that the views and actions "of Colonel Nasser and his like" are "not binding on any Moslem."

Colonel Nasser has little to fear from such ham-handedness. Indeed, he has reason to rejoice that the government has by contamination seriously weakened the authority of the BBC, the trustworthiness of whose broadcasts has always been the most effective safeguard for British prestige and whose honest reporting has kept affection for Britain alive in the Middle East during these bitter weeks. By its amateurishness the government is throwing away these assets without gaining anything in return.

There is a case of sorts to be made for full-blooded psychological warfare, organised as it was in the last war by a hand-picked team of skilled professionals, concentrating day and night on how to outwit the enemy. There is nothing to be said for half-hearted, clumsy government propaganda which tries to get out of its difficulties by ignoring the awkward facts. It is unlikely that the first method could be successfully used by a democracy in peace-time, certainly not where the country is deeply divided over policy—and so far the government seems to have realised this. Yet it refuses to adopt the only sensible alternative. It is reluctant to hand over the job entirely to the BBC, which puts the case both for and against the government, and so would give the Middle East a chance to choose between two points of view. For if that happened the government might find that what was wanted was not more propaganda but a new policy.

BARBARA CASTLE

Three Burmese Villages

WHEN the Chinese Premier arrived at Mingaladon airport on December 10, everything went according to protocol, with Burmese correctness, politeness and hospitality. But as his car approached the Kamayut Circle, near the university, Kachin students waived their posters in protest. "We greet Chou En-lai with sadness," said one group. Others carried such messages as: "Friendship forever—cession never"; "Hold a plebiscite in Hpimaw," and "Great Chinaman welcome—Spare our tiny lands."

Ten days later, when Chou En-lai left Rangoon, he and the Burmese Prime Minister had signed a communiqué, again pledging their countries to the "five principles." At the airport, with a Krushchevian sense of mass psychology, the Chinese Premier blamed the colonial powers for the unsolved problems of an unsettled frontier between Burma and the Chinese Peoples' Republic. He was right. During the period of British rule, it suited both China and this country to avoid open conflict over the territories of Upper Burma, much of which was then unexplored. (It is still not wholly surveyed.) The result was that the Chinese (by the treaty of 1886) accepted Burma as a sphere of British influence, and the then British government cancelled its plans for the despatch of a mission to Tibet. For years each country watched every move the other made across the no-man's mountain ridges that lay between them. "Feel your way," Lord Dufferin once said to the British Commissioner of Upper Burma, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, "and when you come against anything hard, draw back"—advice which the Commissioner described as "most sound in dealing with the ill-defined boundaries of a conquered province."

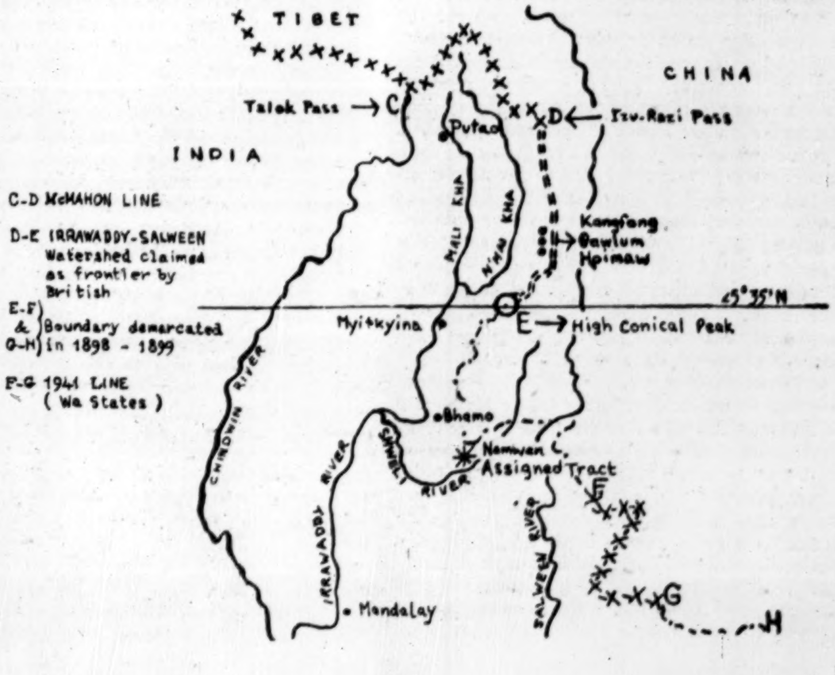
When the Labour government made a well-timed withdrawal from Burma in 1948, there were still "ill-defined boundaries" between Burma and China, for in the half century that had passed since annexation, the Chinese had frequently been too weak, too divided, or too intransigent to come to any agreement; whilst the British felt strong enough to indulge in many a *fait accompli* at Burma's expense. Today, Burma is independent, and China is a powerful, Communist country. Political conditions have changed, but the facts of high mountains, strategic passes and fertile river valleys remain. The Burmese want a final settlement of the Sino-Burmese border which will endure—"one made between two friendly neighbours," as U Nu recently put it; "a border that will be satisfactory to both and respected by both, that will be peaceful, and one that does not require the stationing of armies at the ready, on either side of it." Whether or not Chou En-lai's visit to Burma has contributed to this solution, remains to be seen. He had come to repeat his claim that three frontier villages—Hpimaw, Gawlum and Kangfang—should be ceded to China. Hence the Kachin posters, and a growing demand by the Kachins, that these villages which are in the Kachin State, should remain in Burma.

Last year, whilst staying very near to these three villages, I realised how deeply the Kachins are attached to their land. Although they have little written history, they enjoy nothing better than to tell you the history of their race, passed on orally from one generation to another. They described the British occupation of their villages almost as vividly as the people of Port Said might describe that of the recent British landings. They recalled the stockades built round their villages, and how, when they refused to submit to British military might, their homes were burnt down and their paddy destroyed. Several outstanding Kachin resistance leaders had escaped through the passes into China. In the past few years leaders of the Communist rebellion have made the same exit.

Hpimaw, Gawlum and Kangfang control several mountain passes into China, as well as a main road from Myitkyina. For years, the Chinese and the British assumed the line of the Salween as their frontier, and these villages are well to the west of it. In 1911, a strong military police escort was sent into the tract north-east of Myitkyina, as far as Hpimaw, and occupied it. Kachin resistance to earlier and similar expeditions had been broken down some years earlier—after stubborn guerilla warfare. There followed the usual sequence in the development of imperial administration. Headmen were appointed and guns were counted. Most of the people at that time had only cross-bows, das and spears, and anyone with a gun had to register it. Tribute was collected. Boundary pillars were put up. The Chinese on the other side of the Salween continued their trade with the area—Kangfang, a few miles north of Hpimaw, is a village on the Ngawchang river from which coffin planks were transported to China.

Although the Chinese at first made some protest at this advance of British rule, and at one time were willing to consider a different share-out of Kachin territory, they soon accepted the situation. Year after year, British and Chinese officials met at Myitkyina or Bhamo to discuss their common problems. Yet in all the official reports of the North-Eastern frontier, which I have examined in the India Office Library, I can find no reference to any Chinese protest about the administration of this area which continued until 1948, with the exception of the few years during the war when this was a Japanese outpost. There were plenty of problems to discuss; opium smuggling backwards and forwards through the mountain passes; abduction of women; stealing animals (the Chinese had the original idea of blackening their faces with charcoal to avoid recognition). The villages of Hpimaw, Gawlum and Kangfang changed very little. Tea growing was encouraged, the neighbouring forests were developed and the trade in coffin planks to China continued. These upper reaches of the Salween, and mountains 12,000 feet or more, were remote and difficult to reach. Like many an outpost of empire, they were—and are—surrounded by magnificently wild mountain scenery. The successive Himalayan ridges pile up over the horizon; there is no way of telling where Burma ends and China begins.

Why then has Chou En-lai suddenly shown this possessive interest in three remote Kachin villages? Some Burmese writers suggest that this is the first step towards the "Tibetanisation of Burma." Others lay emphasis on China's advantage in controlling the mountain passes that lead down to Myitkyina, a town world famous for its air strip during the last war. Another theory is that it is all a matter of prestige; the Chinese, after making an initial protest, accepted British administration for more than 30 years—would it not be a handsome feather in their cap if they could now absorb an area to the west of the Salween river? The theory of brotherly love or *panch sila* does not seem immediately relevant. What is certain is that when U Nu visited Peking in November to repeat Burma's protest against



the intrusion of Chinese troops over the still undemarcated frontier, Chou En-lai was willing to withdraw them from the Wa States. Chou En-lai explained that China was willing, provided the Burmese ceded three Kachin villages, to accept the Burmese boundary line along the N'Maikha-Salween and N'Maikha-Shweli watersheds. He also asked for the abrogation of the perpetual lease of the Namwan Assigned Tract, a small area controlling the road from China to Bhamo. U Nu, on the grounds that these areas were in the Kachin states, said that Kachin leaders must be consulted. Even if some of their leaders were prepared to consider this package deal, the Kachins as a whole seem decidedly against it.

The immediate result of Chou En-lai's visit, whatever were his motives, is heightened tension in Burma. But China's demands, coupled with the extremely active propaganda for autonomous areas which she is now carrying out along the Burmese boundaries, shows the need for a general frontier agreement. The Burmese are no doubt still hoping to secure a settlement of the problem as a whole; for they can only be the losers if it is approached piecemeal, village by village. "If the frontier is not settled," said U Nu, "in a way satisfactory to both it will always remain a spark which will become a flame when passions are aroused." U Nu could have added that Chinese demands on the three villages have already aroused Kachin passions.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

London Diary

CHRISTMAS is a myth, a traditional story round which are gathered a host of agreeable associations. For grown-ups, it is an orgy, a recognised opportunity to eat and drink too much in the bosom of the family or in a circle of friends. This has a useful cathartic effect, especially in northern countries where people are apt to start below par. (The few of us who are born slightly intoxicated do better to avoid it.) For children, Christmas is a fairy story. A touch of snow which in South England only occurs on December 25 about once in twenty years (the last time, I am told, was 1938) reinforces the myth that otherwise is maintained by Christmas cards of robins on a background of tinsel. As for the message of peace and goodwill, that is conveyed in pulpits, and is maintained by the non-publication of newspapers. Wars that are not reported do not exist. The use of the Monarchy to keep the tradition alive is not so certainly successful. The authorities seem not to have made up their minds whether the royal family are to be regarded as powerful good fairies, like Father Christmas, film stars or everyday people like you and me. The *News Chronicle* the other day showed us a photograph of Princess Alexandra in a perfectly respectable strapless evening gown, on to which the official photographer had painted chiffon shoulderstraps. Again, I wonder, what purpose is served by a wireless announcement that Prince Charles has "a slight cold" and will stay indoors for the day? In any case, it seems hard on the child; he can scarcely grow up normally if he listens to the BBC making such announcements, or playing God Save the Queen on his eighth birthday. The Queen's broadcast, too, seems awkwardly poised between reality and myth. It is not a disembodied fairy story about peace on earth like the Vicar's sermon; it recalls reality without facing it. If it is meant to support the pure concept of a Commonwealth held together by the Christian legend, it should surely not mention South Africa. The right Christian commentary here was made by Osbert Lancaster in the *Daily Express* the other day, when he showed us one of the Three Kings—the one with the black face—unable to obtain a visa to take his gifts to the Child in the manger.

* * *

When the figures were announced, the victor at Melton Mowbray said that "in view of the particular situation at the present time," she regarded "the result as a great encouragement." Since the Tory majority slumped from 10,780 to 2,632, I was not surprised that readers suggested this remark for inclusion in *This England*. Yet one should consider what the "special circumstances" were. Fog was one, and in a scattered area fog handicaps the Tories. Many of them come in from outlying districts in cars; Labour is apt to vote with its feet. The cars often carry Tory passengers—with, perhaps, some quiet and canny Labour ones as well. Only registered cars can legally carry extra voters, but how can anyone prove that retainers and neighbours do not all happen to want to shop near the polling booth on that particular day? Is one, then, to put down the Tory slump to fog? Not really, because if the Tory voters had been keen they would have used some of their exiguous petrol to fight the menace of Socialism. As it was, fog plus petrol shortage was a good excuse for abstaining. So the "particular situation" to which Miss Mervin Pike referred was the anger and division in the Tory party—especially in a constituency where the election is caused by the resignation of an M.P. who, as a member of the government, could not continue to support Sir Anthony. When you have added all this up, what does it come to, except that the Tory party is muddled and cross? I still think Miss Pike's comment a fine example of the good stiff upper lip.

* * *

A thought that seldom occurs to most of us is that a lot of the special minor luxuries and gewgaws we buy at Christmas time are made by women and children in their own homes at sweatshop wages. There's a huge all-the-year-round "homework" business in this country, but towards Christmas it works up into a crescendo as innumerable home-tied housewives make paper chains for four hours a day (including week-ends, when the whole family joins in) at twenty-four shillings *a mile*, stuff toy dogs at tenpence each (to sell at a guinea), and assemble ten-panel lampshades at 2¼d. each. There are dozens of these odd little seasonal industries for which the installation of factory machinery would be uneconomic, and the "homeworkers" are an unfailing source of labour at rates of pay kept low by their competitive need for just that little more at Christmas, plus the fear that landlords—or Factory Act inspectors—will stop it all if they find out. Could anything be done about all this? If it could, do we want to do it? You can regulate and inhibit home industries of this kind out of existence, but how much better off is anyone then? I don't find it a very pleasant thought that it's going on, but who would propose that we register and trade-unionise all these "pin-money workers" just for the hell of it?

* * *

On a Sunday evening sixty Salvation Army songsters were stopped when they held an open-air carol service on Spouters' Corner, Wood Green. The police had to pull them up in the middle of "Once in Royal David's City" because a nearby resident complained. I was surprised to learn that the complaint of a single householder could be enough to bring down the law upon the finest imaginable street entertainment. It was not, of course, curmudgeonly householders but the economics of fuller employment that has banished the "German bands" of my childhood or the miners' choruses that livened our streets before the war or which accounts for the comparatively rare appearance of barrel organs nowadays. (I know writers to *The Times* prefer to call them piano organs; if they are not very careful I will substitute hurdy-gurdies.) Nor, I'm told on inquiry, is a householder responsible for the fact that the Army seems so much less obtrusive than it used to be; the reason is that there are nowadays fewer districts where people prefer outdoor evangelism to the habit of sitting with backs to the world and faces to their television sets. But the discovery that I have the power to stop street noises filled me with momentary hope. There are much worse noises than the Salvation Army. What about scooters, motor-bicycles without silencers, and pneumatic drills? But here the lawyers refused to help me; and if the police, for some reason I cannot understand, do not use their powers, there is nothing to be done short of an injunction in the courts.

* * *

Just how serious noise can be has been brought home to me recently by the case of people who live along the route where the Metropolitan Water Board are laying their new water main from Kingston-on-Thames to Chingford in Essex. They are constructing a tunnel at a depth of 250 feet. Complaints have come from all the control points, a mile distant from each other, where shafts have to be sunk. The job involves appalling noise. A crane brings up metal skips containing soil which it empties into a giant hopper which, in turn, pours it into lorries. This sounds like innumerable buckets of coal being emptied from a height every few minutes, interspersed with other even louder mechanical dins. At intervals concrete tunnel segments are lowered into the hole on chains. To this must be added all the usual din of men with lorries on an excavation site. By day this would have to be endured. But for some reason the Board insists on these operations on a day and night three-shift system. The noise does not let up; and it is not the sort of rhythmical flow which people get used to, for instance, if they live near traffic. The inhabitants of nearby streets cannot get any sleep at all; in at least one case, I understand, the night work has been stopped as a result of legal action.

* * *

The most sophisticated as well as the prettiest and best sung Christmas pantomime is usually to be found at the Players and, though this year's is not their best, I'd still give it high marks. Fortunately the theme of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves turns on oil. I'm not sure that H. J. Byron's outrageous pun about the "oil merchant" in an oil emergency, or the naive question whether this "fair city" could use all that monstrous supply of oil would have raised a laugh in a normal year.

* * *

Judging from my postbag, readers of this journal—and some who have never before been readers—enjoyed the broadcast on Tuesday, December 18, entitled *An Editor Looks Back*. Some enthusiasts have said that they would like to purchase a disc recording. Whether this is possible, and at what price, depends on how many people send us a definite promise to subscribe, on the understanding that the price is not more than three guineas.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My hubby sells Christmas cards in his shop. Every year he picks one from the shelf, gives it to me—without writing on it—and then asks me to put it back when I've read it.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (D. H. X.)

Proposing a toast to the club, Ald. Wise said that recently someone had remarked, "I can't understand what is wrong with America. They don't seem to understand our point of view." I said, "They don't play cricket," continued Ald. Wise.

"Now we have the opportunity. Let's have the Americans over here playing cricket. Teach them to play cricket and I think our relations would be much better."—*Oxford Mail*. (John Campbell.)

I met Miss Enid Blyton, whose books for children have sold 40,000,000 copies, and asked her how she works. "Some writers plan chapters and work things out in advance," she said. "I just sit down and open the sluice gates and it just pours through."—*Daily Express*. (Y. Jeans.)

If the Prime Minister has a shred of national pride left, he will order the British salvage fleet to return home with flags flying and bands playing, send the United Nations a bill for the work done at Port Said, and refuse to attend conferences anywhere with anybody until the Canal has been cleared and restored to its lawful owners.

What sort of people do some people think we are?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Rodney M. Galey.)

The Hiawatha Complex

The photographs have arrived at last. They are in colour. There is the detailed green jungle packed as close as spinach. It is park-like. That blue water is the Rio Negro above Manaos; and Manaos—in the next picture—is that pink and white town built in the rubber boom of the Eighties and Nineties and imported, every brick of it, down to the very cobblestone in the streets, in ballast from Portugal. They even imported an opera house; the dome crowns the town like a blue and yellow egg cup. Wilk, who has what he calls Problems, always refers to the opera house as "the old son of a bitch." One of the problems is suggested by his actual words:

"There she is," he says, "the old son of a bitch."

Wilk is the naked man holding a fish in the picture: Wilk Wilkins, he was christened like that. He is a he-man of 43 from Texas, crew cut, German-looking, weighing about 17 stone, womanish in the beam, paunchy like the Buddha and pappy; the over-vitaminised and vulnerable American male who—so the anthropologists tell us—is now tending to hermaphrodite protest against the long-legged, masculine American woman. Actually Wilk is having a problem with his third wife who has just bought a Cadillac in Chicago without consulting him, and intends to keep it. He has only built a one-car garage. Next to Wilk stands the Indian, scowling, handsome, lithe. In one hand he has that long stick he kept poking into the roots of trees at the water's edge to see if there were any snakes; and, in the other, he is holding a long red and blue-necked cormorant he has shot. And there is myself looking too prim, bald and laundered for the savage scene. We are all standing on boulders by the river and below us is Wilk's boat, one of those small roofed-in launches that go phutting up the Negro and the Amazon, often towing a string of palm-thatched native craft behind them, family boats, with the washing hanging out, the children in the well and a parrot riding on the stern. We are caught at the end of our alligator hunt.

The Rio Negro is about two miles wide at this point, and the water is blue, not red like the Amazon which joins it a few miles away. From the air these rivers are not huge, single arterial waterways. They are a confused, blind mess of huge rival rivers, of enormous lakes by the hundred, lagoons, pools, channels, unmapped backwaters and gross tributaries that ooze in like distended worms between jungle that hardly ever breaks for 3,000 miles. One is looking down on the veins and arteries, the blood system of a hairy and sweltering continent. At the delta, which is so large that even at 12,000 feet one never sees the end of it, the water is very red and the region looks like some mastodon bleeding painfully to death through its fur in the heat. The sight is magnificent but it is also excessive and sad and has all the rankness of nature. Yet, at river level and despite the weight of the hot air, the Rio Negro looks like Southampton Water. The jungle is just woodland, quite silent and over-friendly. The sun smiles in it. One could imagine a Gothic spire. Hundreds of small blue butterflies were blown to us across the water as we pounded along. Once or twice during a long day we heard the single note of the bell bird.

We had left Manaos at five in the morning. I was watching the angel fish, the tropical cotillion, under the boat at the quay. Wilk looked back at the opera house.

"There she goes," he said tenderly. "The old son of a bitch." We lay on the roof of the boat which was already hot and by eight we had to get down out of the sun. It had begun to scald. I sat deafened by the engine and by Wilk. For the strong silent man is a myth.

"Senhor Wilkins," the Brazilian at the hotel said, "means no harm, but he is like a woman. All the Texans are like women. He never stops talking. It's an illness."

Wilk had talked even the Texan engineers on the Amazon to exhaustion. He had talked himself into isolation. His tongue was famous in Belem, it was known at Pernambuco and Rio for its power to grind one into unconsciousness. Groups broke up, bars emptied. He was not a clinging or pestiferous talker; he was not a clammy or exhibitionist bore. The disease of garrulity varies with different nations. Wilk's illness was the ceaseless issue of detailed information, uninflected by personality. He had the Hiawatha complex. Wilk sat down at one's table, fixed one with his alert blue eyes, loosened his jaw and then, suddenly, one was caught in the interminable hum of his private word factory. Entranced by the Texan drawl, the turn of phrase and by the brisk anecdotal drift, one would not realise for a while that it would be hours before the whistle went and the machines stopped. His method was irresistible. He might begin in the middle of some scene with his second wife (the alcoholic), slide on to his Gambling period, the epoch of Hiawatha's Drinking in Chile, his Whoring in San Francisco; or it might be the time when he was Smashing up Cars, Building him speed boats, and Hiring lawyers or Suborning judges, with asides on how upset his mother was and the trouble about her divorce, Dad going off the way he did, with a certain amount of deep sea fishing thrown in. It was all done in a sound picaresque style. But this was mere preparation, the preliminary brain wash, breaking one down for his real purpose: to crush the life out of one with large courses of constructional engineering. For example: there was the account of how, two years before, he had "built him" a house. Brick by brick, rock by rock, board by board, wall by wall and pipe by pipe, with full details of how to install radiant heat, build an electric plant and pump water. Going up the Rio Negro that morning, Wilk and I rebuilt his house from top to bottom. The noise of the boat's engine drowned a lot of it and sometimes my mind wandered; but when it returned I was to find myself still lining the walls or laying the drainage. We did a copper mine and two oil refineries as well. If you are building an oil refinery, put the seven-inch pipe down first, then you can always drop a five-inch pipe through it later. Not the way the goddam Brazilians do it who put the five-inch pipe first and have to tear down the whole lousy dump because, Who cares? the government pays.

We were building Wilk's house all up the Rio Negro, even going without food. As for drink, Wilk had moved out of Drinking at the time of his third marriage and, to punish himself, drank scoops of water out of the river. The engine hammered. Wilk hammered. There was nothing to see but this blinding road of river light rising to the horizon where the promontories floated in the sky, deluding us that we were coming to the peace of a great lake; but when we reached these headlands there was another unmerciful stretch of river before us. It was like Wilk's conversation. Between the radiant heat and wiring, Wilk might throw a bucket of water over himself and shout to the Indian the only Portuguese word he knew, "No jacaré. No alligators. Brazilians no good." The Indian looked at me like a piece of mahogany that is trying to gleam with sensibility. Wilk was off again on the right, wrong and smart ways of mixing concrete. I arrived deaf at the lagoon where the alligators were. It was an innocent little reedy pond with knee-deep mud at the edge and a yard of shade.

"Where are the alligators?"

"Under the mud," said Wilk.

And then tenderly, like a mother, he placed me in a safe place on the bough of a tree and sploshed off into the mud with the Indian following him sadly.

There were no alligators. The Rio Negro had risen since the previous Sunday. In a month it would have risen 40 feet in the seasonal floods, lifting all the floating quays at Manaos up the stilts and ladders of the thatched huts, to their door steps. The alligators had gone. I sat watching the little butterflies. Presently a large yellow one settled on my shoe and made water. It was the size of a kitten and left a large pool.

"No goddam jacaré!" Wilk kept shouting angrily at the Indian.

All you had to do, Wilk said, was to look for the air holes in the mud. Whether you were actually treading on alligators at this moment I do not know, but when you saw the hole you dug in a pointed board about five feet long and four inches wide, and then you levered the alligator to the surface. He would come up nose first and, when the nose appeared, you clapped your hand tight over his jaw, tied it up quickly with cord, while your Indian was ready to catch his lashing iron tail. Then you threw him into the boat along with the 20 or 30 other alligators you had caught—"like last Sunday," Wilk said—and took them down the river to the alligator tannery.

Still, Wilk caught a fish and instead of catching an alligator took a photograph of me and the day went on. One ten miles of the Rio Negro is like the rest. Wilk had finished the house and lay on the roof of the boat and had a sleep. The Indian tried to stop him. Wilk was roasting like pork. I have a bad conscience about Wilk's sleep because the Indian pointed to a blob on the water, and whispered "Jacaré" to me, and I did not wake up Wilk. Eventually, Wilk came down off the roof; his skin looked like crackling but it was better after a bucket or two of water. Refreshed, he got back to work on the house. It took a long time getting the material, but we got in that patent lining for the walls and we had done the deep freeze. All that was left was the garage. And there we came up against it: the third Mrs. Wilkins and her goddam Cadillac. Too many Americans had two cars, Wilk said. He wasn't going to have the third Mrs. Wilkins driving around the town in her Cadillac; if there was a Cadillac in the Wilkins's home it was going to take him down to the office and stay there. Or may be he might want it for fishing. That was why, for his third marriage, he had built a one-car garage.

That raised the whole Problem of marriage. Wilk's forehead began to thicken. He was worried about this marriage. They were in their forties. She was fixed in her habits; he was fixed in his. "We've got to relax," said Wilk. Because there were problems. He was a problem, he admitted it: she was a problem, he had told her. She had two kids, by her two husbands; fine kids, decent husbands, only they didn't get along. The kids were problems as it was and had their own problems on top of that. She was mad with the first and she had spoiled the second. Looking at all these problems, Wilk thought it would work out if he could solve *his* problem. Hiawatha could never tell what new era would open in his life. It might be Building, it might be Fishing; but it might be Gambling or Drinking. Hiawatha's Drinking was an epic problem. Everything hung on what the third Mrs. Wilkins wrote back from Chicago about the Cadillac. Wilk's brow began to wrestle with itself. He was beginning to be darned if he wouldn't throw up his contract and go home. He had not touched a woman, he had not drunk a drop of Scotch the whole time he had been in Manaos. So that problem was taken care of. But there was another: "Taxes," he said. Hiawatha's taxes. If he stayed out of the country eighteen months he'd save a thousand dollars in taxes. You had to weigh that against Mrs. Wilkins and the garage.

It was Wilk at his most seductive. I was off my guard worrying about Wilk. I was caught by the spell of the magical American word "problem"; one problem led to another; one escaped imperceptibly out of life into the problem paradise of the relaxed technician tinkering with all those wives, husbands and mixed-up kids. But while I was day-dreaming in this way, Hiawatha was on the job. Perhaps it was due to Mrs. Wilkins and the garage, but he was Building no more. He was Pulling Down. He had left the house. He was back at one of the oil refineries. Apparently they couldn't use it until he had passed it. And if he wanted he could refuse to pass it. They had put in a five-inch pipe. He wasn't going to pass any goddam thing with a five-inch pipe. He was going to make them pull it down. All of it.

And so we began Demolition. Chugging down the river in rough water in the afternoon wind, we pulled the refinery down: girder by girder, pipe by pipe, generator by generator. We told the President, the Vice-President and everyone else where to stuff it all. We were down to the concrete when Manaos came into sight again and the dome of the opera house. Wilk stopped at once. Our rage vanished. The light of love came into his eyes.

"There she is," he said, "The old son of a bitch. Look at the old gal. Gee, that must have been something in the rubber boom with all those swell dames in their low cut dresses and diamonds stepping out of their carriages. That must have been something, I tell you. You wanta know something, I'll tell you. . ."

It took Wilk a couple of days, as we wandered about the streets of Manaos and finished up each night on the steps of the opera house.

"We Americans," he said, "think we can build but we don't know a darn thing."

Could any American bring on old son of a bitch like that in ballast from Portugal with all the marble and the swell dames and put it up? I was damn right they couldn't. Could they build pretty houses like these with all the fancy stuff and the paint? He thought he'd been pretty smart building his house but what was it, when you saw this?—a dog kennel. He was going to have a hell of a Problem when he got home.

"I'll want to tear the whole damn thing down and build me something pretty." "And," he said, "I'd like to take the old son of a bitch back with me."

Reverently we went through the technical problems of this grand abduction. He was being unfaithful to Mrs. Wilkins. He had found his Minnehaha.

V. S. Pritchett

The Face of Intervention

(By a National Serviceman)

Of course, lots of people have invaded Egypt, but I doubt if many army commanders (except perhaps Antony) have had to board their home-going ships and announce straight away: "Some of you may wonder what all this has achieved." That General Stockwell did that shows that the military mind—if less agile than the politician's—is also perhaps more honest.

But, in fact, it was probably difficult for him to do otherwise. For the army officer all along was the one man who had no doubts. Ever since last spring, colonels at selection boards, majors at T.A. drill halls, retired captains at Old Comrades' Association dinners, have been quite certain that the first international priority was to "give that pip-squeak Nasser a damn good kick in the pants." And as just eight weeks ago we sailed out for Suez no one on the officers' verandah deck doubted for one moment that that was what the whole business was about.

Hence, every morning the "battle-warmers" for the troops, the constantly reiterated references to "a little tea-party with the wogs", and the countenances contorted with fury as Mr. Gaitskell's voice ("just like Haw-Haw") came crackling over the wireless set one hot Sunday Mediterranean night. Hence also, six weeks later, the complete and almost comic loss of control on the part of a veteran company commander when, back in our own home barrack town, a small child observed: "What, were you kicked out or something?"

Throughout, in fact, from the moment when on Sunday, November 11, the armada's conquering progress was interrupted by an enforced and solemn silence in memory of the dead of two world wars, the whole adventure had an air of unreality. It probably reached its apotheosis at El Cap—though I remember thinking at the time that the sight of British majors striding the streets of Port Said and arresting men because they thought that they had suspicious faces was fantastic enough.

At El Cap, however, one stepped straight through the looking glass. There were the trenches, the tumblersful of whisky, the guttering hurricane lamps, even the occasional fall-in of a roof—all the props, in fact, for a repertory run of *Journey's End*. But no theatrical performance could ever have been quite so phoney as this military exercise. In slit trenches impossibly sited in echelon were, for a week at a time, some 900 men—each personally briefed, despite the planned advance, that there was one thing that he must never in any circumstances do: and that was fire a shot. 600 yards away were the Egyptians, with presumably the same orders but with less discipline in carrying them out. And, to hold the ring, there were the white ambulance-looking cars gliding between the lines. They were impressively marked "U.N.," and at their coming road blocks melted away and sentries stood aside.

Also, of course, there were the reporters, almost an army by themselves. Expansive men in expensive service-dress hats, they roared up the Canal and Treaty roads in fast, comfortable cars, aggressively brandishing their cards, as if the whole thing was a desert carnival laid on for their exclusive benefit. Only the sight of four intruding foreign journalists, morosely marooned and guarded in their car on the roadside, was a reminder that armed conflict, too, could claim its victims. But even they had by the end succeeded in persuading their guards that the whole thing was a joke, of which they were the perpetrators and we the victims.

More seriously, of course, back in Port Said the intervention did claim its casualties. It is all very well to write warm, human, reassuring news stories about the incidentals—the tiny child with the Naafi sweet, the irrepressible mongrel-men with the postcards of international appeal, the triumphant resistance offered (according to the *Daily Sketch*) by British troops in face of temptations laid in their paths by "the purveyors of sin". But the coin did have another side; and, as one saw worldly goods being wheeled about in little barrows, the Thersites-like scavengers among the rubble, and Egyptian women fighting and scratching for food, it was impossible not to remember Sir Anthony Eden in August: "Our quarrel is not with the Egyptian people."

It was, anyway, clear from the start that their quarrel was now with us; and with one-third of the Arab town destroyed, all the admirable modern hospitals and schools taken over for barracks, and every complaint or protest waved away with a lordy reference to a virtually non-existent Ministry of Civil Affairs, it could scarcely have been otherwise. Later on, of course, things got better; and when, after ten days at El Cap, we returned to Port Said it seemed—with the smiles for the bright blue helmets and the shutters opening remorselessly everywhere to reveal huge and handsome photographs of Nasser—as if a city had awoken from the dead. But it still seems disturbingly appropriate that the last words I heard on Egyptian soil were: "If I find any of you men talking to these wog children, I'll put you straight inside." They came from a British company commander; and in a way, perhaps, they provided the answer to General Stockwell's question. For the last glimpse I had of the Gateway to the East—a city where people used professionally to smile—was of fists being shaken from the quay-side as the sun shone on a wreck-studded harbour.

Fleet Street Notebook

UNRATIONED and unrestricted—officially at least—Fleet Street faces the New Year with a backward glance over its shoulder. It is a fact of some significance, I think that, despite the biggest national crisis since the war with news flowing in from all parts of the world and despite also an intensified circulation war, the national newspapers failed to use up all the newsprint that was allowed to them in the last period of government newsprint rationing. Now the government has stepped out and left it to the industry itself to look after its own affairs for the first time since the war. But, despite all those loud protests about being kept in the strait-jacket of small newspapers that used to echo up and down Fleet Street, no one now expects that there will be any universal rush to make papers bigger in 1957. The cost is too high, the outlook as regards both circulation and advertising too unsure and no one is certain that, by making papers bigger, Fleet Street might not cut its own throat—or at least those of one or two of its weakest members. It is in no mood at the moment to forget that the great advance in newspaper circulations as a whole has coincided with smaller papers.

The most cheerful New Year faces in Fleet Street are to be found, I have to report with regret, among the higher echelons of the *Daily Sketch*. It continues to flourish like the green bay tree. It has put on more than a quarter of a million circulation during the year now ending—there seems on current form no reason why it should not put on another quarter of a million during the coming year. This is a gloomy thought for anyone who is troubled with thoughts about the progress of civilisation—but then those who run the *Daily Sketch* are not. Having collected a quarter of a million or so new customers at a time when most newspapers have had to fight hard to hold those they had, they are satisfied that they have found the right formula. It is one small comfort that so far no other national newspaper has felt tempted to follow them all the way down. Whether the temptation will be resisted indefinitely is another matter.

Meanwhile as the year closes I think it only fair to congratulate one paper on which I have from time to time passed a few harsh judgments—the *Sunday Dispatch*. This is not to say that I admire its general conception of what journalism is about any more than I used to do. But it has provided during the last few months a remarkable and not hitherto always suspected fidelity to the principles of journalistic freedom. Week by week, month by month, its political columnist, Alastair Forbes, has been allowed absolute freedom to say what he thinks about Eden's Suez policy, although what he has had to say has run absolutely counter to the views expressed in the paper's leader columns and given voice by its proprietor, Lord Rothermere, in the other newspapers he controls—the *Sketch* among them. Nor has Alastair Forbes put a button on his foil. He has been one of the most consistent, outspoken and effective critics of the Prime Minister in a weekly column which has often provided a most admirable exercise in controlled invective. I am not one of Lord Rothermere's greatest admirers. But I feel it only right to say that in the matter of Alastair Forbes, he and the *Dispatch* editor, Charles Ede, have shown a wholly praiseworthy willingness—and one not much to be found elsewhere—to give an independent columnist his head. In this respect they provided an altogether unexpected example to those trustees of the *Observer* who resigned with a great demonstration of public indignation when the *Observer* editor, David Astor, had the courage to speak out against the Eden policy.

I am glad to say that the papers which for a time suffered somewhat in circulation—and in some cases in advertising—for what was presumably regarded as premature criticism of Eden have now recovered. Public opinion has caught up with them. Among the daily papers which served the real public interest throughout the Suez crisis the *Manchester Guardian* must, I think, easily be given the first place. It was magnificent and I am glad to find that quite a number of those I know who were driven into a blind rage by it are now coming round to the same view. The *News Chronicle* also to my mind deserves much credit. In a situation where, economically and financially speaking, to hold circulation is more important to it than most other popular newspapers, it held firm to principle despite all temptation—complicated at times by considerable pressure—to modify its utterances. I am sure it will benefit from this in the long run. I understand in fact it is already doing so. So, too, although it had less to lose, is the *Mirror*, which on several occasions demonstrated its remarkable command of the technique of making political issues plain to a huge mass public—and brought back a welcome touch of wit to popular journalism in the process.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

At the Opera

IN a sense, *Carmen* never fails; it also never quite succeeds—especially in English. The title role alone, though I suppose every mezzo's dream, is a terror to fill; the tenor, besides being asked to look well in a skin-tight canary uniform, needs lyrical grace of tone in the first two acts and the ring of tragic despair in the remainder; while the small parts and chorus have to supply the particular brand of local colour which lends itself most easily to burlesque. On top of all this, Covent Garden, out of misguided notions of scholarship, insists on using spoken dialogue—*i.e.*, the original version still played in Paris—instead of Guiraud's admirably tactful recitatives, with the help of which the opera conquered the world. To appreciate their tact, you need to hear a British tenor *say:* "How skilfully she flung that flower! It struck me like a bullet!"

The main fault of the current revival is an almost crippling lack of authenticity. "It's not at all a *safe* place," says Micaela as she ventures into the smugglers' den; but she need not have worried. Respectability reigns everywhere; this Lillas Pastia will never lose his licence. I remember being told by a singer in the previous Covent Garden production that, while he caught and held one of the chorus sopranos at the climax of an abandoned dance in Act 2, the dear little thing whispered into his ear: "Mummy asked me to tell you how much she enjoyed you in *Gerontius* last night"; and that is just the tone of the present revival. Richard Lewis, who might well have been in *Gerontius* last night, earned our gratitude by not bellowing the Flower Song, and he is always a cultivated kind of singer; but of the jealous soldier dragged through the mire by a hopeless passion no glimpse appeared until the final scene. Robert Allman sang cleanly, without much fire or swagger, as the Toreador. Micaela, whose whole point is respectability, was more convincingly impersonated by Elsie Morison.

Let's be modest!

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The main interest of the evening centred on the Carmen of Muriel Smith, a coloured singer who was the original and highly successful heroine of *Carmen Jones* on Broadway, and has subsequently made a career in musical comedy, though trained for concert and opera. Her vocal style is good, as she showed in her ability to execute the rapid Spanish turns in which the music abounds, or (to quote a telling detail) to sing the difficult descending minor ninth (on "L'amour") in the coda to the Toreador's Song with just the right and most telling inflection. But, whether through over-use or not, the voice itself sounded on the first night disappointingly dim, with a particularly cloudy patch between soprano E and G, where Carmen makes so many of her more brilliant or scornful rejoinders. Opinions varied widely about her acting. I myself found her, visually at any rate, the most plausible Carmen I have seen at Covent Garden since the war, but I fancy I have missed one or two of the long series. She looks like a Creole beauty, graceful and rapid in movement, temperamental, seductive, sultry; throughout the action she retains a certain air of personal dignity, which some found cold, but which seemed so to me only in the last scene, when the menace of death was near. Elsewhere Miss Smith's dark poise was very likeable; vocally, however, it cannot be denied that she fell far short of the ideal.

The production, as revised by Peter Potter, hovered between the ineffective and the ridiculous: what could be tamer than the curtains to Acts 1 and 2, what more ludicrous than the pair of pantomime smugglers in the Quintet? This was one of several numbers, the strange tempi chosen for which suggested that Rafael Kubelik had not wholly mastered Bizet's score as a theatrical phenomenon; on the surface there was much vivacity, but the drama and shifting passions of the music were dimly conveyed. The best feature of the evening was the decor of Georges Wahkevitch.

The annual revival of *Hansel and Gretel*, at Sadler's Wells, is strongly cast this year with Anna Pollak and Marion Studholme as a delightfully natural and pure-voiced pair of children, Alfred Orda and Patricia Bartlett as their parents and Sheila Rex as the witch; Alexander Gibson conducts. There are three Saturday matinées as well as several evening performances of this highly enjoyable production.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Films in 1956

As I lie in bed, not too ill, with three windows looking out on hill and cloud, I must look inwards: the revelation common to film critics at this season is upon me. Films of the Year! Only some films in my case, since I lack the usual inspiration—files. Mine are a hundred miles away in London, where also—if not for me—the Pelvis writhes, and they are waiting for Godzilla.

What have I seen, what said? I gaze hopefully at the ceiling; and may the "unforgettable" film not be forgotten! Out of the swirl of images, faces, events comes—what? Wellingtons kicking their heels skywards outside a shop . . . a white horse led through grim gates . . . another horse at night going its way past a woman crouched on the kerb . . . lovers clasped in a slashing rain. . . . These after a while I manage to identify with *Together*, *Le Sang des Bêtes*, *La Strada*, and a Japanese still. Then follows a delirium of women, all with rolling eyes and sky-pointing bosoms, to a gruff male accompaniment of "They're bewdiful—and I don't mean the lights in the bay," "Don't give me that routine stuff," "I like your off-beat approach," "Say, who do you think you are?" "Don't you trust me?" and "Let's get the hell out of here."

It is a fair-to-middling year, with one originality and a stampede for the classics, with English films going, as usual, honourably downhill, Hollywood scoring its biggest hit in Monaco and at home with a tragic legend of adolescence, Russia presenting a split personality, and charming us with a gift of Chekov, Shakespeare, and ballet, while she stamps on Hungary.

To take the classics first, since they loom large. I think only geniuses should attempt Shakespeare, because Shakespeare packed everything into words and on the screen they will only have to be unpacked: hence the better the film as Shakespeare, the worse as film, and—occasionally—*vice versa*. Of the two *Othellos*, Orson Welles's was inspirational, inaudible, and splendid, whereas the Russian *Othello* played the game (though in Russian), scoring points with a jealousy scene tangled in fish-nets and losing them with a hero who just lacked fire. There could be little doubt who walked off with it. Welles, with his windy shore, lowering battlements, and scowling visage achieved a *look* of Shakespeare; and that's what counts. How tame and dead by contrast was *Moby Dick*, even Welles himself sermonising as Father Mapple; and as for Mr. Gregory Peck, so hurt, puzzled and gentlemanly as Ahab—but why go on? A star in a storm, a rubber whale, have made the piece run, but if ever there was a once-exciting director's collapse, it is Huston's. The others appeal to big audiences and big throbs, King Vidor's *War and Peace* did immensely better, found a brimming Natasha in Audrey Hepburn, and with battles and retreat kept us thrilled for three hours. The end was a let-down, but at least it left us wishing for more.

Then, two shining examples of the masterpiece well picked and impeccably treated. René Clément's *Gervaise* brings to Zola the sort of meticulous rage Cruikshank brought to Dickens; and proves the camera to be Zola's natural ally. The second adaptation to be grateful for is of a Chekov short story, *The Grasshopper*; again, the young Soviet director (Sergei Samsonov) has matched devotion with skill, and the result is—who would have predicted this of Russia today?—pure Chekov. Less unexpected, if no less agreeable, is Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, the first genuine ballet film, with Ulanova dancing. Its draperies and Renaissance gang warfare and stately measure still sweep through my mind as I am confronted by the reverse of the Russian medal: B. and K. in India. The cinema brought us these garlanded pig-men—who would have been funnier if they had not so obviously been reaping dividends from the susceptible Nehru—a few days before they landed here. Six months ago? It hardly seems possible.

With a clamour, half a dozen films start flickering together. Cousteau's *The Silent World* is the best of all undersea adventures, with its poems of whale and shark, porpoise schools, grottoes, the wreck, the tame grouper, and the weeping turtle. Three Fellini films, of which, whatever criticism may have decided, *La Strada* remains most firmly implanted. Nicholas Ray's *Rebel Without a Cause*, the *âme damnée* in a new setting, James Dean with that touch of genius which perhaps foretells death: this just vanquishes its rival, Brando and the motor-bikes. There were a couple of first-rate thrillers, Hitchcock's *The Trouble With Harry*, a light-fingered pastoral, and Clouzot's terrifying but tricky *Les Diaboliques*. Comedy? Only a pair of female clowns, Judy Holliday in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, and Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*.

The best English films could manage was, I suppose, *Reach for the Sky*; but against the grain, and in secret, we have seen the beginnings of Free Cinema. The two programmes so far given at South Bank have produced three small masterpieces, Lorenza Mazzetti's *Together*, Georges Franju's *Le Sang des Bêtes*, and the more publicised *On the Bowery*. Couldn't we produce better films by starting at the other end, with talent and small budgets? Is there enough talent, and what chance has it against the closed shop? Have the millers and the ice-cream merchants really no other ambition than to be a third-rate Hollywood? Here at any rate is a hope, during the next twelve months, for rebels with a cause.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Across the Gulf

MR. LEO LEHMAN, whose play *Who Cares?* (at the Fortune) I mentioned briefly last week, is a naturalised Pole; when he came over here as a very young man, he knew virtually no English. But you would not think this from his writing (any more than you would have done from Conrad's) and he has set about to become a playwright with enormous determination in the face of the difficulties which confront all intending dramatists in England. Several of his plays have been performed by the more enterprising repertory companies (notably Guildford who have done two) and one has been given a production with Trevor Howard in the leading role, by the BBC Television Service; and I understand that they have commissioned further plays from him. Earlier Mr. Lehman was awarded an Arts Council bursary of £500 which enabled him at a difficult time to continue writing plays, and *Who Cares?*, the first of his plays to reach the centre of London, is the fruit of that award, and fully justifies it.

The play is conventional in form (not all his plays have been) and this conventionality has, alas, crept into too much of the plot and the characterisation. Mr. Lehman wants to show the impact of a young refugee from the horrors behind the Iron Curtain upon a sheltered English family. And to emphasise the gulf which separates this English ignorance of the horrors of the world they live in, he has made the head of this family a Professor of Literature at a provincial university, one of those bumbling forgetful head-in-the-clouds professors who are so interested in their special line of literary country that they hardly know the Iron Country exists. No doubt there still are such, but they have become mere clichés in fiction and the character sets Mr. Alec Clunes an almost (but not quite) insoluble problem of rescue work. This initial mistake of the author's is a great pity, and it was really quite unnecessary, just as it is unnecessary to make the professor's wife "fall for" the young Pole, when a strong maternal feeling would have been enough. The young Pole is so remarkably drawn a character and his impact, when he arrives, is so sharp and so shocking that the author could easily have afforded to give his English characters more reality and depth.

Even as it is Mr. Clunes does rescue his professor for some really fine scenes with the young Pole, Stefan. Stefan is the son of a Polish scholar whom the English professor knew and worked with before the war. He spent his boyhood in German concentration camps and his adolescence in a Russian slave camp where he saw his father die in a ditch at his feet. What sort of human being does that make him? Something, anyhow, so far away from the understanding of comfortable English liberal tradition that every half sentence of half-broken English he utters, however unemphatic or unviolent it may seem to be, somehow tears a hole in their protective clothing. It is from the brilliant economy which Mr. Lehman employs with the young Pole's speeches that I dare to prophesy a considerable future for him. With this character (though not alas with the others) he practises the highest art of realistic stage writing where what is not said is just as, if not more, important than what is.

It is a quite small part in mere quantity, but the whole essence of what such a past must mean is poignantly presented to us. The English—the professor and his wife and daughter—are all so good-willed, so anxious to help. But how can they out of ignorance so complete begin to understand? Does the boy even understand himself? One thing he does know—and this is very shocking to them—that war is better than peace, on the terms that he knows it, that a weapon in your hands gives you a chance of winning, that, in the old phrase, the only good Russian or German is a dead Russian or German. That is what the Germans and Russians have made of him.

Such intermittent outbreaks are all the more convincing and terrible for being unassailable assumptions. The prevailing mood is a sort of resigned and indifferent acceptance of the one obvious fact about himself. He is not, like nearly all his acquaintance, dead. What is he going to do? Keep alive. Somehow, somewhere. The gulf betwen him and them is complete and it is uncrossable.

This is really the heart of Mr. Lehman's play, and stabbing and twisting, it comes through in spite of the clichés of character and plot. I rather suspect from what I know of Mr. Lehman's work that these clichés are deliberate, that after several years of unappreciated effort he has cold-headedly tried to win an audience at last by pandering to them somewhat. This is a mistake, natural perhaps to one to whom the devious ways of the English theatre are alien. But Aunt Edna is not to be won that way. She instantly—in her odd way—recognises and rejects the cliché: but she will see behind it the truth of the drawing of the young Pole and will—if we can persuade her to go to it—be prepared to put up with the falsities for the excellence that lies at the real heart of this interesting play. In this too she will be very much helped by the truth and power of the acting. Mr. Clunes is extraordinarily good in the scenes which allow him to be; and Mr. Denholm Elliott brings the note of absolute conviction to Stefan in a performance of the greatest sublety and restraint.

T. C. WORSLEY

A Gentleman and a Bohemian

ROBERT BEVAN was a gentleman through and through, master of the Tangier Hunt for a season, and a man with an eye for good racing form; he was well bred, cautious and painstaking. Henri Gaudier-Brzeska was a true Bohemian, out to shock, tough, lewd, quick and brilliant, scornful of all forms of society and with a pathological anxiety to bite any hand that might try to feed him; only his "sister," Sophie Brzeska, a woman twenty years his senior whose name he added to his own, was a stable element in his brief and disordered life. Bevan was one of the founders of the Camden Town Group and an original member of the London Group. Gaudier-Brzeska, although he worked in England, contributed to *Blast* and had close contacts with the Vorticists, did not really belong anywhere. Both these artists used post-Impressionism as a starting point for their own art; both reacted to a large number of outside influences, and the approach of both is characterised by a fundamental insensitivity; but these are the only things that they have in common. The work of this oddly assorted pair forms the subject of a double exhibition that is being presented by the Arts Council at Saint James's Square until January 19th.

The rediscovery of Bevan, whose work has been seen very little since his death, is a historical rather than an æsthetic contribution to English Art. As a contemporary and disciple of Gauguin's at Pont-Aven, Bevan must have been one of the most up-to-date English painters of the period, and by the time he finally settled in London in 1900 he had been influenced in quick succession by Pisarro, Lautrec and Van Gogh. Had he been a painter of talent or even of imagination, his impact on English art, which at this time was suffering from one of its most acute attacks of provincialism, could have been enormous. But his own work reflects none of the excitement of the great pictorial revolutions he had witnessed, and despite the variety of styles in which he worked, his paintings all look surprisingly alike: dull, monotonous and cold, relieved only occasionally, as in *Cabyard at Night*, by a flicker of individuality.

With Gaudier-Brzeska, on the other hand, even if his view of the world was as unfeeling as his treatment of the people around him, one is conscious at once of being in the presence of a creative and original artist. Although he thought of himself primarily as a sculptor, Gaudier-Brzeska, who died at the age of twenty-four after only a few years of activity as an artist, never had time to mature or to realise his vision fully in a medium that requires so much technical mastery. In most of the sculptures the balance between abstraction or stylisation and naturalism is never satisfactorily resolved, and an *art nouveau* flavour clings even to the most daring of them, although, in fact, a work such as *Stags* is not very far removed from the formalism of the more revolutionary sculptures of Brancusi. But in the drawings and pastels executed from life the craftsmanship is almost alarmingly precocious and assured—the pastel portraits in the first room, which combine the directness and flamboyance of Van Gogh with an original variation of Cubism, are particularly impressive. Had he worked in another country Gaudier-Brzeska's eccentricities might have passed unnoticed, but because he violated all sense of English decorum the real quality of his work has always been obscured by the Rimbaud-like legend that surrounds his name. This the present exhibition does much to dispel. It reveals him as a hard-working young painter, restlessly exploring a whole series of art forms, seeing in each only a fresh means of asserting his own vigorous talent.

JOHN GOLDING

Parity of Esteem?

THE shareholders of Associated-Rediffusion were treated to a notable address by the chairman of the company, Mr. J. Spencer Wills, at the general meeting last week, at which the company's first report and accounts were adopted.

He confirmed what was already known in general about the company's "substantial initial losses"—£3¼m. up to last September. These were inevitable and expected, though their size may have startled some of the shareholders. "The formidable task of recouping" has now begun: "your directors have the extremely onerous obligation of trying to amortise, over the brief span of eight years, the greater part of the large sum of your money which has been sunk in the enterprise." Why eight years? Because, as is generally forgotten, the Television Act established commercial television for an experimental period of ten years only. Especially if a Labour Government is in office, one can foresee some frantic lobbying as 1964 rushes on.

Then, after an interesting demonstration of the oligopolism characteristic of the modern free entrepreneur ("so far as new and undeveloped areas are concerned . . . no new programme company can in itself have any possible economic justification . . ."), came the customary genuflexion to Caliban:

> Some of our critics say that we have a duty to educate; to improve the public taste. That I cannot accept. If an adult has the intelligence to elect a Member of Parliament to rule him in peace and war, he has the intelligence to elect what programme he wishes to see during his hour of leisure.

Having stunned his audience by his mastery of constitutional theory and of the art of argument by analogy, Mr. Wills then led in to the brief passage in his speech which got the front page headlines next morning—the announcement that commercial television is to start broadcasting to schools "sometime next year."

This was almost what may be called a "throw-away" announcement. It fills only two lines in the duplicated hand-out of Mr. Wills's speech. It seems to have been made as the result of a very recent decision, itself taken—in the slaphappy, haphazard way typical of ITV—without an adequate preliminary appreciation of the special problems of broadcasting to schools. A day or two after Mr. Wills had spoken, it was said that an advisory committee was "being set up," that Miss Rosemary Horstman was to be transferred from women's programmes to look after the new service, and that a head of schools television would be appointed "on a temporary basis." (Whom will they get, of first-class quality, on that basis?)

Commercial TV for schools will be run on trial from April to June next. There will be half-hour programmes five days a week. If this experiment is successful, there *may* be a regular service from September. The statement in the *News Chronicle* that this service will be financed out of the government's £100,000 grant was, at best, premature. No such proposal had been made by, or to, the Independent Television Authority (through whom that money would have to come); and Mr. Wills was speaking only a week or two after the defiant announcement by the programme companies, including his own, that they wanted no part of the grant. Schools TV was one of several possible uses for the money cited as examples by ITA in the original request for a grant; but nothing was settled last week.

Nor was anything settled about commercials, except that programmes to schools would not be interrupted by them. If, as was suggested in one paper, they will merely precede and follow programmes "so that teachers may switch them off if they wish to," advertisers may not be over-keen. And will there be a special censorship of these commercials? (By whom? By the ITA? By the advisory committee?) It does at least seem to have sunk in that some teachers may not care to have the academic sanctity of their classrooms shattered by a singing commercial of, say, whisky or face-cream.

The principal obstacle facing the organisers of school-ITV is, indeed, likely to be the hostility of the educational interests. Probably most Local Educational Authorities, and most teachers, are what may be called BBC-minded—partly because of the fine record, over the years, of sound-broadcasting to schools, partly because they are already involved in the BBC's plans for a TV service to schools from next September.

This will *not* be a trial run. The BBC's trial run took place (on a closed circuit, in six schools in Middlesex) as long ago as 1952. The credit-squeeze delayed things; but, since the Governors gave the go-ahead in November, 1955, recruitment and training have been in progress, with a thoroughness and amplitude as characteristic of the BBC as Mr. Wills's snap announcement is of ITV. Control of policy is delegated by the BBC to the School Broadcasting Council, on which the Ministry of Education, the LEAs, and the teachers are represented. Mr. Jack Longland is chairman of this Council's television sub-committee.

Every aspect of this project has been gone into with the greatest care. LEAs are budgeting to buy TV sets in the next financial year; the BBC, after exhaustive research, will advise them on the type of set most suitable for classes of 30-40 children. In active preparation are programmes on science and on current affairs (including *The World of Work*, a careers series of a new and broadly interesting kind); and ambitious filmed series on such special subjects as West Africa.

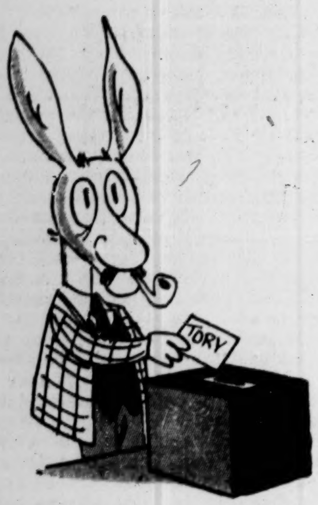
Miss Enid Love, the highly competent head of this service, has seen school-TV in America. She must be aware of the risks—particularly the risk that, if such programmes are done "on a shoe-string," however enthusiastically, as they often have to be in the U.S.A. (where the big networks are naturally not interested in them), they may dwindle into mere didactic lectures which the teachers can do better. Television to schools should not be done at all unless it is absolutely first-class and contributes something to the curriculum that can be got in no other way.

In all the circumstances, it is unlikely that the BBC will be flurried or deflected from its orderly progress towards school-TV at the start of the next school year. But it would be ironical indeed if, in this of all fields, its rivals were to be subsidised by government grant, while the BBC's own service had to be paid for out of regular revenue.

TOM DRIBERG

Edebras Furioso

An Heroic Saga of 1956, told by Reginald Reynolds and Vicky



The Argument

Sir Edebras, in Fifty Six,
Rides headlong to the River Styx,
Which pedants may explain, perhaps,
By his mis-reading of the maps;
For all the year, as he rides on,
He takes the Styx for Rubicon.

Part I

Canto I

When dirty linen stayed in soak
And daggers slept beneath the cloak,
When Beaver, with Bell, Book and Candle,
Searched every attic for a scandal
(Being, perchance, too pre-selective
And anything but introspective),
When knightly quips and martial capers
Found little cover in the papers—
Like Balaam rode Sir Edebras,
With Henry Dubb to play the Ass.

Sir Edebras was, at this time,
A Minister and in his Prime;
A man of parts, but not of wholes,
He counted Peace among his goals,
But Public Good was, in his eyes,
Subject to Private Enterprise—
The only Private in the ranks
Who trades in honour, or in tanks.

Elector Dubb, a loyal fellow
(True Blue, though all he read was Yellow),
Accepted trustfully the facts
Of treaties, bargains, plots and pacts,
Leaving to statesmen and to scholars
The higher maths of guns and dollars.
If High Finance could make a pile
By casting bread upon the Nile
Dubb was assured that only cranks
Had *caveats* on casting tanks;
And yet he pondered in his head
On the returns of tanks and bread,
Until, in nightmares, even he
Imagined some discrepancy.

Canto II

Meanwhile, upon his Native Heath
(After some trade in Dragon's Teeth)
The Knight proposed to break a spear
Upon the Air, to make it clear;
And, had not Mammon intervened,
The atmosphere might have been cleaned.
But Enterprise, with timely tact,
Drugging the Will, forestalled the Act,
Leaving it nebulous and foggy,
Inept, ambiguous and groggy.

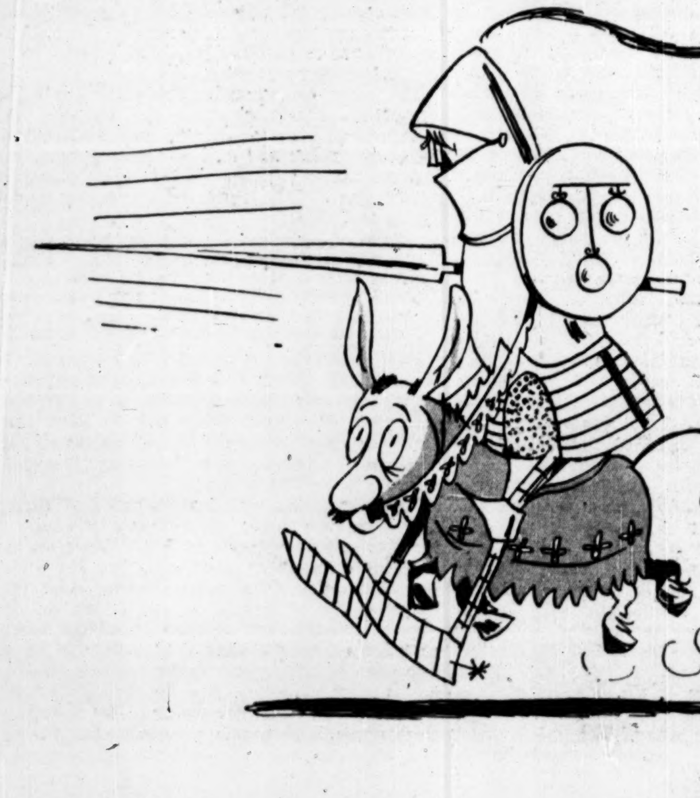
Pavlov has proved that poisoned fog,
Fed with a bellows to a dog,
Will slowly dim the creature's wits
And even cause traumatic fits;
And, though some thought it *infra dig.*
The Knight should play the guinea-pig,
His Master's Voice compelled compliance
In the best interests of Science.
So Edebras was smoked, like Gammon,
With all the Chivalry of Mammon:
Like Pavlov's puppy, they reacted,
And all the same disease contracted.
What of the Ass? Ah, there's the rub,
For Beaver's Bellows dealt with Dubb.

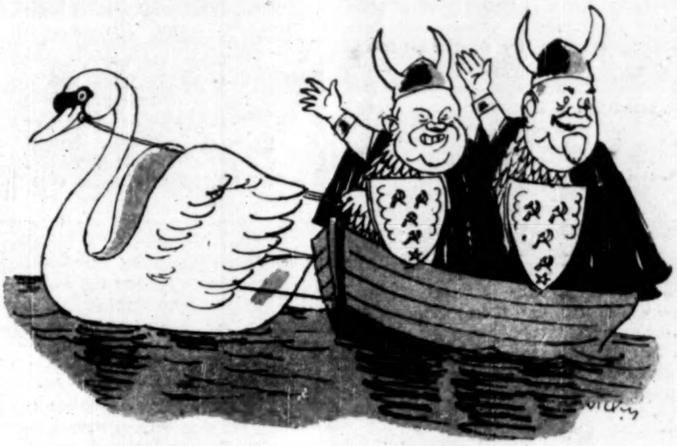
Canto III

The lackeys of Sir Edebras
By rota rode upon the Ass.
A Squire he had, whose name was Rab—
A Jehu for a Hansom Cab,
To sit behind, but hold the whip
(Betimes Sir Knight himself would skip).
This Rab could take his fares, with pleasant
Facetiae on port and pheasant,
Or land the patient Dubb a welt
With cracks on tightening his belt.
Doctors dispute which was the wiser:
Rab the spendthrift, Rab the miser,
For he was both with Dubb's resources;
But Donkeys love to play the horses,
So—of all masters—Dubb would dote
On honest Mac, who ran the Tote.
Such carls as these, and many more,
Served kitchen, stable, board and door.

The Knight, with Rab and all this Rabble,
Would sally from his Tower of Babble
To trounce the heathen blackamoor
For being ignorant and poor.
Schismatic Cypriots they hated
And other Lesser Breeds—created
Solely that Edebras might brag
Of their subservience to his Flag,
And Beaver, with an harp, might praise
A modern Rome with Ancient Lays.
(It needs an Eliot to tell
How, whimpering, it declined and fell.)

Eftsoons there came two rival knights
Hight Krusch and Bulge (both Muscovites)
Mounted, like Lohengrin, upon
A monstrous, automatic Swan.
Sir Edebras ordained great feasts
To entertain them, Bird and Beasts;
For, though he loved them not, the custom
Was fight or feast 'em till you bust 'em.
Then, privily, the hosts gave word
That one should spy upon the Bird
What time the Beasts (Sir Krusch and Bulge)
Might in their cups some plans divulge.
But this ham-handed plot was botched—
Though drunk the guests, the hosts were scotched;
And even Dubb was heard to say:
"If this be wisdom, let us bray."



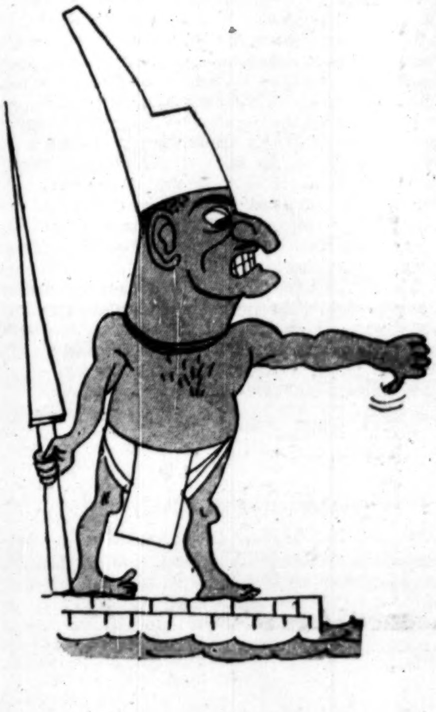


Part II

Canto I

Some tanks they sold upon the Nile
Came home to roost within a while.
One customer, yclept Sir Nass,
Sworn enemy of Edebras,
Was neither scrupulous nor nice,
(Nor was the seller—just the price).
These tanks were not for holding water
But were supplied for Pharaoh's Daughter
To bathe young Moses in, it may be
(The Knight could also pass the baby).
Then, not contented with the tanks,
Nass looked with envy at some banks—
Not those of Nile, but other streams
Such as the Thames, where treasure gleams
(As once the bane of Sigmund's line
Lay guarded in the glittering Rhine).

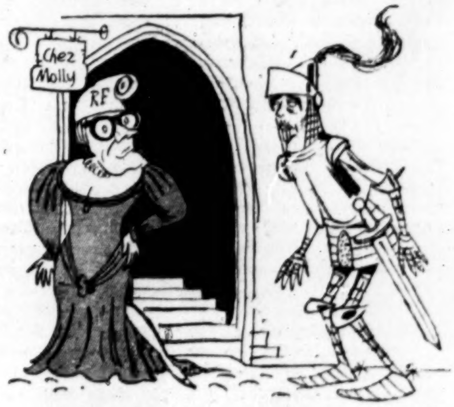
Sir Edebras, who owned some treasure,
Said that a loan would be a pleasure—
Pawn-broking helped to fill his coffers.
A hefty loan he gladly offers,
While bold Sir Ike, from his vast store,
Immediately offers more.
But when these offers had been made
(So good for amity and trade)
They both withdrew—a curious panto
Explained in the ensuing canto.
And Dubb, who had no love for Nass, was
Compelled to wonder who the Ass was.



Canto II

These acrobatics had their source
In Krusch and Bulge, because (of course)
They too had done a deal with Nass,
Much to the grief of Edebras,
Who stormed and raved. And, as for Ike, it
Was more than clear he didn't like it.

Sir Nass was stunned, as with a bludgeon.
Umbrage he took—high was his dudgeon.
"Talking of banks," said he, "I shall
Appropriate this here Canal"—
Referring to a place where vested
Int'rests were (oddly) interested.
Sir Edebras waxed mighty wroth—
He foamed till Dubb was splashed with froth,
And, like Lars Porsenna, he swore
(By the Nine Gods and many more)
He'd wage a cruel and ruthless Peace,
Calling his Buccaneers "police."
But Ike, with greater wisdom, said:
"You've lost the Ditch—don't lose your head."
(Poor Dubb, assailed by sundry fears,
Looked puzzled and pricked up his ears).

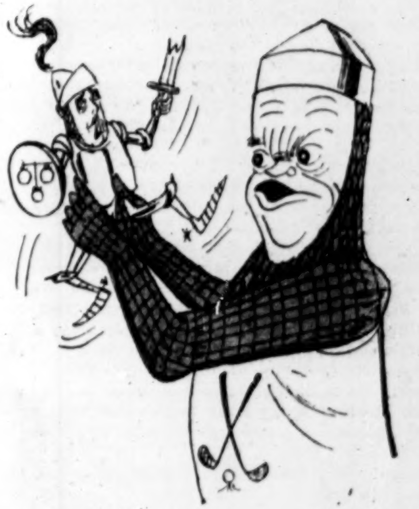


Canto III

Sir Edebras was round the bend
But Molly, his fair female friend,
Whispered: "Just leave the thing to me:
Something is going to start—you'll see."
And so it was—Nass was attacked
Biffed, pummelled, bitten, scratched and hacked.
Then Molly said: "What *can* we do,
To save the peace, but *hit him too*?
Mon ami, 'tis no time for wasting—
We too must give young Nass a pasting."

She spoke; and then they kicked the dolt
Till Ike—to their surprise—called "Halt!"
(So did all Chivalry—but then
Ike was a *giant*: these were men
Unable Edebras to tether
Or knock his head and Moll's together.)

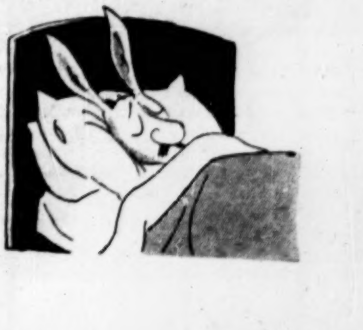
Sir Edebras was taken back
That Ike should land him such a crack
For—As Sam Butler said—they'd done
By *holy text of pike and gun*
All that they could to keep the peace.
Had they not proved themselves police
And proved their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks?
But now, in deadly struggle locked,
They found the precious Ditch was blocked,
With deadly darkness in their camp
For want of oil to fill a lamp.
The recreant warrior looked at Moll,
(That dissolute and reckless troll)
And said: "Dear Molly, it's the End,
For you are now my only friend.
Though to the world we daren't admit
That we have made a mess of it,
Only retreat will save our faces—
Though either way, I fear, Disgrace is."
Full soft he spake; but every word
His long-eared steed had overheard;
And Henry Dubb, perplexed, now pondered.
"Is the Knight *wandering?*" he wondered.



Canto IV

Now Edebras reflects upon
A river called the Rubicon
And Caesar, who (by crossing same)
First Emperor of Rome became.
But having crossed such fatal streams
None has turned back—till now—it seems.
(Only a one-way ticket serves
War-mongers in a war of nerves.)
Sir Edebras, by trundling back,
After his ill-advised attack
Made a World Record in such trips:
'Tis rare—*but so is an Eclipse.*

And so, upon Sir Ike's advice,
(Who said—with tact—it would be nice)
The Knight enjoyed a needed rest
In Circe's Island—way out West;
While Henry, left to pray and fast,
Though needing rest, woke up AT LAST....



Correspondence

POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION

Sir,—Should university teachers "inform" about the politics of their students? I am shocked that this question should even be asked, let alone solemnly discussed. Have we gone so far in the quest for security? And this argument raises another problem—the situation of Marxist scholars in British universities who are frequently exposed to discrimination where security is not involved.

It is true that once a Marxist or Communist scholar has actually been appointed to the staff of a university he is normally subject to few restrictions. He may find that he is at a disadvantage so far as promotion is concerned, and that certain academic journals and bodies like the B.B.C. reject his work with suspicious persistence, but generally speaking he will find a fair measure of freedom and tolerance extended to him. The discriminatory practices of which I am complaining are displayed mainly when a Communist applies for an appointment.

The first difficulty which an applicant has to face is that if his referees know that he is a Communist they are quite likely to disclose this fact to the appointing body. When this happened to me some years ago, my referee was honest enough to inform me of his intention to do so, but more often than not the applicant becomes aware of it, if at all, only after he has applied unsuccessfully for several posts. Second, even assuming that his referees have not disclosed the fact, and that he gets as far as an interview, he may well be directly asked by the interviewers whether he is a Communist. (This sometimes happens, as in a recent case at my own university of which I have direct knowledge, even when the applicant has never shown the faintest leanings towards Communism.)

Third, if the fact that he is a Communist is established, he may be refused the appointment for this reason. This is of course something which it is very difficult to prove in any particular case, partly because the facts are rarely permitted to leak out, and partly because when they do it is usually impossible to reveal them publicly without at the same time revealing the identity of some individual who has been guilty of an indiscretion. But at my own university I know quite definitely, from unimpeachable sources, of at least two cases within the last five years in which an applicant would have been successful had he not been a Communist. Both the applicants of whom I am thinking were very highly qualified people, and were shortly afterwards successful in obtaining excellent posts outside the university.

I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of these restrictions: obviously they are by no means insuperable, since Communists continue from time to time to obtain university posts. Nor should I like it to be thought that I am inclined to undervalue the considerable degree of freedom which exists in British universities for scholars to teach and write from their own individual points of view. But the restrictions which I have described do in fact exist, and comparable restrictions are only very rarely applied in the case of non-Communist applicants. Their continuance seems to me to be inconsistent with the British concept of academic freedom.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

Sir,—With the recent tragic events in Hungary still fresh in our minds, I feel that this quotation is not without a certain significance:

"The times of that superstition which attributed revolutions to the ill-will of a few agitators have long passed away. Everyone knows nowadays that, wherever there is a revolutionary convulsion, there must be some social want in the background which is prevented by outworn institutions from satisfying itself. . . . Every attempt at forcible repression will only bring it forth stronger and stronger until it bursts its fetters."

The author is Karl Marx. The source is *Revolution and Counter-Revolution*.

Hounslow. ALAN POWELL

Sir,—Because Fascist elements participated in the struggle in Hungary at the end of October and beginning of November, and tried to exploit it for their own purposes, some observers have tried to deny the national and popular character of the struggle as a whole. One is reminded of Lenin's reply to those Marxists who in 1916 disapproved of the Easter Rebellion in Ireland because of the variety of groups taking part in it.

Lenin then wrote: "The Russian Revolution of 1905 was a bourgeois-democratic revolution. It consisted of a series of battles in which *all* the discontented classes, groups and elements of the population participated. Among these there were masses imbued with the crudest prejudices, with the vaguest and most fantastic aims of struggle; there were small groups which accepted Japanese money, there were speculators and adventurers, etc. *Objectively*, the mass movement broke the back of Tsarism and paved the way for democracy; for that reason the class-conscious workers led it." And he went on to put it to his comrades that, "if, on the one hand, we were to declare and repeat in a thousand keys that we were 'opposed' to all national oppression, and, on the other hand, we were to describe the heroic revolt of the most mobile and intelligent section of certain classes in an oppressed nation against its oppressors as a 'putsch,' we would be sinking to the stupid level of the Kautskyists" (*The Discussion on Self-Determination Summed Up*).

A certain would-be "realistic" school of thought on the question of Hungary bases itself on Stalin's proposition in 1923 that "there are cases when the right of self-determination conflicts with another, a higher right—the right of the working class that has come to power to consolidate its power. In such cases—this must be said bluntly—the right of self-determination cannot and must not serve as an obstacle to the working class in exercising its right to dictatorship. The former must yield to the latter. That was the case in 1920, for instance, when in order to defend working-class power we were obliged to march on Warsaw."

That was in 1923. It is not so widely known as it should be—though Mr. Andrew Rothstein quotes the passage in his Pelican *History of the U.S.S.R.*—that during the campaign Stalin had expressed more moderate views: "I consider the boastfulness and harmful self-conceit displayed by some of our comrades as out of place: some of them, not content with the successes at the front, are calling for a 'march on Warsaw'; others, not content with defending our Republic against enemy attack, haughtily declare that they could be satisfied only with a 'Red Soviet Warsaw.'"

More interesting still is the view about the "march on Warsaw" expressed by Lenin to the German Communist Klara Zetkin, when it had failed disastrously and an armistice had been signed with Poland on terms very unfavourable to Russia. Klara Zetkin records the conversation in her *Reminiscences of Lenin*. After admitting that, "in the Red Army the Poles saw enemies, not brothers and liberators," and that there had been not only military but also political 'miscalculations,'" the founder of the Soviet State went on, in his characteristically generous way, to mention that "Radek predicted how it would turn out. He warned us. I was very angry with him and accused him of 'defeatism.' But he was right in his main contention. He knows affairs outside Russia, and particularly in the West, better than we do, and he is talented. He is very useful to us." Summing up the considerations that led his Government to wind up the conflict with Poland, Lenin declared: "In the present situation Soviet Russia can win only if it shows by its attitude that it carries on war solely in self-defence, to protect the revolution: that it is the only great country of peace in the world; that it has no intention whatever of seizing territory, suppressing nations or entering upon an imperialist adventure. But, above all, ought we, unless absolutely and literally compelled, to have exposed the Russian people to the horror and suffering of another winter of war?"

BRIAN PEARCE

15 St. Michael's Close,
Torrington Grove,
N.12.

DEATH OF A HERO

Sir,—I suppose Mr. John Berger would be unable to see that there was any connection between his tendentious letter in your issue of Dec. 15 in which he tries to persuade us that the large piece of red drapery in Guttuso's Death of a Hero (a picture I like) is *not* a Communist symbol and the heartbreaking experiences of friends of Mr. K. S. Karol during the past seven years in Warsaw, described in the same issue?

I am sure that often in Communist countries critics and artists must have let slide a little their first duty—the search for truth—through a genuinely religious desire to further the cause of social justice only to discover how horribly thin is the crust of our civilisation and that there is the gravest danger in even the slightest betrayal of it.

What a pity Mr. Berger has not a poet's understanding of this problem! "He who begins by loving Christianity better than the truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity and end by loving himself better than all." If Mr. Berger would substitute "communism" for Coleridge's "Christianity" he might come to understand that Mr. John Golding's criticism was a perfectly legitimate one for any critic who believes art to be of more value to civilisation than propaganda.

44 Markham Square, OLGA DAVENPORT
Chelsea, S.W.3.

BILLS OF INDICTMENT

Sir,—Whilst I am not in a position to comment about the particular use of the "bill of indictment" procedure in the case of Mrs. Richardson, I think that Critic's attack on the procedure in general is too sweeping. Magistrates are certainly not infallible and, although it is perhaps rare for them unjustifiably to refuse to commit an accused person for trial, serious injustice and suffering can result when they do so.

A good example of such injustice occurred about three years ago in Cheshire when a bench of magistrates refused to commit for trial on any charge a farmer who, having hit an auctioneer violently on the head with a heavy hammer, was prosecuted by the police for attempted murder. The defence put forward before the magistrates was that a cow had kicked the auctioneer as he bent down to examine it, but the farmer did not give evidence in support of this defence.

Following the decision of the magistrates the auctioneer was reduced to a pitiable condition by the persistent facetiousness of his acquaintances and the jeering "moos" which greeted him whenever he held a public auction. If there had been no "bill of indictment" procedure it is very doubtful whether he would have been able to take any satisfactory steps to restore either his health or his reputation, bearing in mind that the farmer was virtually penniless. Making use of the procedure, however, he was able to take up the prosecution from the police on his own behalf and to obtain leave to present a bill of indictment on the basis of the evidence already presented unsuccessfully to the magistrates. The farmer was convicted by an Assize jury (he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment) and the auctioneer's costs were paid out of public funds by order of the Court.

The facts I have related were curious and perhaps exceptional but the procedure is designed to meet such cases. Provided that it is sparingly invoked, and that judicial control is effective, it can be a useful and proper weapon with which to remedy injustice where no "fresh evidence" is available.

RONALD WATERHOUSE

Farrar's Building,
Temple, E.C.4.

TOMORROW'S LANDSCAPE

Sir,—May I express my complete and profound agreement with your correspondent Sheila Sullivan? As a great lover of the English countryside (one of the "dreamy-eyed and absurd idealists") I have watched the outgrowth of our industrial and domestic structures (not architecture) after two world wars.

One has only to take a train from any of our main-line stations to see this chaotic upshot of factories and suburban banalities spreading farther and farther, with devastating effect. I suggest the main-line railways because they give one a good cross-section of what is happening all over our countryside.

Yes, of course we must build houses and factories, but must they reflect the worst characteristics of big business, commercialism and private enterprise, where the chief motive force is profit—and perhaps mechanical efficiency? Private enterprise is largely responsible for our suburban sprawl—it is not interested or concerned with the amenities of the countryside—they don't pay.

The factories and suburban houses may be technically efficient but, except where they form part of a planned public scheme such as a power station or council housing estate, they are put up without any thought for or regard to the æsthetics of "To-morrow's Landscape." JOHN DICKINSON

Halse, Taunton.

ARNOLD BENNETT

SIR,—Miss Nancy Cunard's references to Arnold Bennett's generous acknowledgement of George Moore as "the father of my Five Towns novels" moves me to protest at last against the deplorable lack of generosity shown to Bennett's memory by some of his contemporaries who have survived him. I gather from recent book reviews that Clive Bell has joined the denigrating chorus.

To me, it is a source of abiding regret that persons born to ways of grace and favour should use their good fortune to belittle those who are not. Remembering Bennett's kindly comments in his diary on the young Clive Bell, and on Somerset Maugham and Gerald Kelly in their turn, I blush for their insensitiveness in patronising him now in a way they would hardly have done in his lifetime.

Not that I think he would have retorted in kind. He may have been as vulgar as they say, but he was also magnanimous.

REGINALD POUND

THE ENGLISH OUT OF IRELAND

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Brendan Behan's letter I did not imply in my review of Stephen Rynne's book that we gained nothing by getting the British out of Ireland. We gained our liberty and we have failed to make very much use of it since. That was my argument.

There are some other things in Mr. Behan's letter which are not clear to me. Is Mr. Behan *required* to know anything about me or about Mr. Rynne before he can talk about what either of us writes? If so he would make a very bad guide indeed for your readers and would be much better employed on the Court and personal columns of the *Telegraph*.

Secondly, does Mr. Behan think that the progress of a country is primarily measured in terms of housing schemes or that his "Connolly and Larkin Socialistic origin" makes him more fitted to speak about Ireland than someone who has not had the benefits—as Mr. Behan obviously sees them—of such origins? Finally, if I am not mistaken in reading Mr. Behan's rather obscure last paragraph, he tells me that I have never lived in the slums of Dublin—"The Irish parts of Ireland," as he calls them. (Here Mr. Behan seems to want to be more Irish than the Irish themselves.) This is quite true, for we can't all live in the slums and I just happen to be one of the people who were left out. But Mr. Behan should not hold this against me; there is still time despite his miles of new flats. The slums still exist; they still smell. MARLOWE HONE

Co. Kilkenny, Ireland.

TEACHERS' DOLE

SIR,—Congratulations on publishing a letter from a primary teacher. Reading through the correspondence of even our educational journals would give a complete stranger the idea that we have infant education and secondary education but nothing in between. Mr. Haydn-Thomas is right to point out the impossibility of using progressive methods in large primary classes. Such methods, however, depend not only on small classes but very largely on the quality and enthusiasm of the teacher. Every bit as much intelligence and application is needed to master such subjects as child development, so important to the primary teacher, as is needed by the more specialized teachers at the secondary stage.

A new danger threatens the primary schools. They are about to be milked of their most promising teacher material. The much advertised bulge is about to make itself felt in the secondary schools and primary teachers are to be encouraged to transfer. There is little doubt that the teachers on whom pressure will be brought to bear will be the more intelligent and highly qualified. It is not only those outside educational circles who talk about transfer from primary to secondary work as a "step up." Much lip-service is paid in this country to the importance of this stage but I have heard the words "only a primary teacher" too often to believe that we really have taken what the great educators have taught us to heart.

I should also like to protest, both as a teacher and a parent, about the proposed filling in of the "toddlers' truce" on TV between the hours of six and seven. This is a far more serious step than the proposers would have us believe.

Evercreech, Somerset. RONALD G. CAVE

THE SAMOVAR CLUB

SIR,—Some time ago you published a letter inviting applications for membership of The Coffee Pot, a club for young professional people founded by Mrs. H. D. R. P. Lindsay. The response has been so good that at present there are no more vacancies.

A second club in London, The Samovar, has therefore been started by Mrs. Lindsay for graduates and other young professional people between the ages of about 19 and 30 who would like to meet young men and women of similar interests in pleasant surroundings. Enquiries about the club should be made to The Membership Secretary, The Samovar Club, 108 Baker Street, London, W.1.

PATRICK GUITON,

The Samovar Club. *Chairman*

TO COOK YOUR SUNDAY LUNCH . . .

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Body Into Art

KENNETH CLARK'S most formidable talent has always been for getting ideas across. His professional life has been lifted up by a passion to share with as many others as possible the serenity he himself has found in the contemplation of art. This has expressed itself in action as well as in words, since Clark is an outstanding administrator as well as a popular writer. We have to remember that during the years of his directorship of the National Gallery, this institution became for the first time a regular place of pilgrimage. Nowadays, with queues forming outside exhibition premises and concert halls, the idea that the spiritual hunger of ordinary human beings can be satisfied by good painting and music is commonplace; but in the early years of the second war it required imagination and a tough spirit to launch the schemes of the "Picture of the Month" and the lunch-time concerts. More recently, as Chairman of the Arts Council, he has encouraged the spread of works of art to districts where art used almost literally to be unknown. He more than any other single man during the last quarter of a century has been responsible for weaving visual art into the texture of English life. This he has achieved without any surrender of intellectual integrity. The public has been willing to come up to meet him, not he down to meet them, since the time was correct for the difficult things he had to offer. In this respect he has shown himself the true heir of his friend Roger Fry, who forced others to see what he saw, feel as he felt. No one can pretend this is an ideal situation, this imposition of an attitude towards art from above. One would like to suppose that the culture of a society grew naturally within itself without need of high-grade charity (some idealists pretend it does). This is what one hopes eventually will happen. Meanwhile, our society is being provided by people like Kenneth Clark with the tools, in the form of touring exhibitions and excellent popular books on art, with which a genuine culture can be forged.

Clark has been accused (by implication) of being too much the scholar, too far out of range of life. This is the kind of criticism which a popular writer on art who is also serious-minded is often exposed to. In fact he is by no means the pure scholar, any more than Fry was. There are those art historians for whom the truth—by which I do not mean the faithfulness with which sensations are recorded (also a kind of truth), but the tracking of works of art down to their lair, the closing in on the circumstances, psychological, sociological, and so forth, under which given works of art were produced—is all that counts, and to whom the interest shown by all but a handful of specialists in the demonstration of this truth is a matter of comparative indifference. I am not one who believes that this academic attitude has anything to be said against it. I believe there are two categories of activity, both of which are honourable, both of which have their hierarchy ranging from excellence to triviality: the first, the urge to find out how works of art came into being; the second, the urge to share enthusiasms about works of art with others; and that Clark stands at the peak of the second category. His evocative passages on Michelangelo, Rubens and Raphael in *The Nude** have an urgency, a thrill about them, which is not quite sustained when he turns to an analysis of their artistic origins. He will risk a splendid generalisation which is truer than it is false, but not demonstrably true.

Of course the two categories overlap, in his case as in that of others. The scholar in single-minded pursuit of truth for its own sake may end up like the hero at the beginning of *Auto-da-fé*. The critic who relies entirely on evocation is a vacuous journalist. When one type can draw sustenance from the other, then the best results are achieved. But one can tell at once where the springs of natural talent lie, and where knowledge or, alternatively, a vivid turn of phrase, has been laboriously acquired. Clark, belonging to a thoroughly English tradition of criticism, in line with Reynolds, Hazlitt, Ruskin, Pater and Fry, steeped in English literature, with the language at his finger tips to be juggled with as he feels inclined, impatient with meticulous scholarship, with a rare and generous capacity for translating shapes into words—this most un-German of writers has absorbed German scholarship, and enriched his perceptions in the process.

Just as in the case of Reynolds and Fry, just as with all those who are not satisfied till they have sounded out an audience, the spoken word is Clark's most effective weapon of communication. For all his literary gifts, he is at his best on the lecture platform. His lectures are so polished that the slightest hitch—a slide inserted upside down, a sudden sneeze in the hall—will upset the lecturer and cause a psychological disturbance as though a concert were interrupted. His performance has, indeed, the grace of a piece of music. But the form, however polished, into which any lecture is cast, must differ from the form on the printed page. The lecturer must at times become conversational, must improvise or at any rate give the appearance of doing so. Then he must allow himself to be partly dictated to by his slides, and so gloss over facts in a sequence of events where slides are missing. When it comes to publishing the lectures, the problem arises: how far to cover up defects in construction by rewriting, and so sacrifice the spontaneity of careless rapture? The book on landscape suffers, in spite of some rewriting, from too close an adherence to the lecture form. Clark may well have come to the same conclusion, since his latest volume, *The Nude*, which also began life as a series of lectures, has been filled out to make a proper book; it can truly claim to be a brief history of the nude in art; whereas its predecessor is no more than notes for a book which one hopes will some day get written. *The Nude* is in consequence one of the most beautiful achievements of his life. It preserves the infectious freshness of the spoken, but has gained the solidity of the written, word. At one moment it ranges over the whole of art like a glider; at the next it will settle like a bee on the detail of a torso, and bring it, for the reader who sees nothing there but a block of marble, once more to life. As a lecture should be, it is dazzling and provocative; at the same time it is so packed with information that it will serve as a work of reference for years to come.

At times, it is true, one senses the jerky tempo of the lecture behind the smooth-flowing prose: when, for instance, having finished with Correggio, he is impatient to get on to Rubens (the next slide?) and disposes rather too hastily of Mannerist sculpture in between, which deserves more of a hearing in the particular passage I am thinking of (pp. 129 ff.). Altogether, very little attention is paid to Mannerism although this was an epoch when the nude flourished. The same criticism applies to his treatment of German art in the sixteenth century, of Indian art, and of all but the outstanding realists. Munch and Gauguin, whose nudes have trickled into every crack of twentieth-century painting, are not discussed, and Lautrec is dismissed rather summarily. The plan of the lectures may partly account for these omissions. But I suspect another, deeper cause: a tendency, that is, to analyse second- and third-rate manifestations of classicism with more eagerness, more sympathy, at greater length, than departures from classicism of the same level of quality.

In this Clark shows himself, in common with his English predecessors in art criticism, a true Mediterranean by upbringing. Indeed, the art of the nude in classical antiquity, and repercussions of it in the Mediterranean during the Renaissance and later, are the main subjects of the book; and Gothic, Mannerist and Expressionist deviations have to attract what attention they can as curious, intriguing side shows. I should hasten to add that when he does discuss at length anti-classical nakedness, as in the chapter towards the end entitled "The Alternative Convention," he writes with as much warmth of feeling as he does about Raphael. The passages dealing with the realism of Rembrandt's nudes, for instance, where he shows that only by getting back to the naked human body could art be saved from degenerating into rigid formulas for nudity, are among the most marvellous in the book. All the same, the fact remains that classicism holds the centre of his stage, and the emphasis he gives to it means that opposite tendencies (just as widespread) do not emerge with quite the same clarity.

The whole structure of the book makes this bias in favour of the classical nude inevitable. For Clark abandoned from the word go, quite rightly for the sake of a clear exposition, any hope of a chronological survey, where all representations of the nude in art, from the primitive to the academic, from the Far East to Central Africa, would have been given equal prominence. Instead, Greece is made the fountainhead. The chapters are divided into ideal nude types—Apollo and Venus, and variations on the themes of Energy, Pathos and Ecstasy—evolved by Greece to cover the whole range of human feelings; he then goes on to show how these were revived in the Renaissance and proved sufficiently compelling images to serve the needs of men down to the nineteenth century and even beyond to the neo-classicism of Picasso. So we follow him in tracing Apollo from the "perfect human body" known as the Ephebe of Kritios down to Mengs and Canova; the Greek conception of Venus down to Courbet and Renoir; the wrestlers of the Greek gymnasium down to Degas; Niobids to Poussin; the ecstasy of the Hellenistic dance to Matisse. This leads him to discuss the nature of the roots of these feelings, and the reasons why it was found necessary to transform the imperfect body into the ideal nude. The roots are, of course, sex; and one marvels at Clark's power to analyse without self-consciousness our mixed sensations in the presence of a naked body, and without a hint of schoolmastery sanctimoniousness our reverence for the nude statue from which the body springs. There is a fine freedom in his treatment of these difficult themes, a freedom which only one who takes an uninhibited delight in the good things of life is capable of. Here is not a trace of the Puritan spirit which rushes from asceticism to excess and back, but the serene humanism of the traditional English art lover who has pondered deeply, around Mediterranean shores, on the inventions of the human mind which have endured longest.

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* *The Nude.* By KENNETH CLARK. *Murray.* 63s.

Benedict Nicolson

The Song of the Ass

In a nearby town
There lived an Ass,
Who in this life—

As all good Asses do—
Served his Master
Faithfully and true.

When this Ass died
And fled above,
For his reward—

That all good Asses have—
The Master made
From his loyal hide,

A whip with which
His successor was lashed.
And the Ass's name was Love.

And the Ass's name was Love.

Christopher Logue

Academic

How sad, they think, to see him homing nightly
In converse with himself across the quad,
Down by the river and the railway arch
To his gaunt villa and his bickering brood,
Their mother anchored by a hill of mending.
Such banal evenings—how they pity him.

By day his food is Plato, Machiavelli.
"Thought is a flower, gentlemen," he says—
Tracing the thought in air until it grows
Like frost-flowers on the windows of the mind—
"Thought is a flower that has its roots in dung."

They think it irony that one thus nourished,
Perfect in all the classic commonwealths,
Himself so signally should lack the arts
To shine and burgeon in the College councils,
A spent battery, a nobody, a windbag.

"And yet," they sigh, "what has the old boy got
That every time he talks he fills the hall?"

James Reeves

Cosy Corner

The Post-War Condition of Britain. By G. D. H. Cole. *Routledge*. 40*s*.

Nearly twenty years ago Professor Cole published his useful survey *The Condition of Britain*. It belonged to the period. Experts and popularisers were busy collecting statistics, and there was no shortage of social topics to investigate. Poverty, malnutrition, unemployment and disease dominated the national scene, or at any rate that part of the national scene which investigators chose to examine. Sociology moved in the shadow —or light—of Booth, and statistics counted most when they generated intensity of feeling.

It is far more difficult to survey the society of our own times. The elimination of many obvious abuses has had the effect of lowering the social temperature. Full employment has removed the biggest pre-war social problem and many of the evils that were associated with it. The statistics of the balance of payments and of comparative rates of growth have seemed more relevant, and dominating, than any statistics about society. Facts and figures about under-developed countries have created more interest among restless radicals than facts and figures about ourselves, and have moved hearts as well as minds. Recent controversies, like that about equality, seem to fizzle out before they catch fire. It is not that we have lost our discontents—in some ways they have multiplied—but that the map of contentment and discontent has changed.

Professor Cole's new book is a brave attempt to do for the 1950s what he did for the 1930s, although he is the first to recognise that *The Post-War Condition of Britain* had to be an entirely new work and not a revised version of its predecessor. It is an excellent reference book, and the pages of detailed statistics (I wish he had chosen to give the exact sources for each table) are interspersed with many provocative reflections. But I do not feel that it quite belongs to the 1950s in the same way that its predecessor belonged to the 1930s. Provocative though the reflections are, they are very much individual reflections, and I am not sure that they always catch the mood of discontent which many people feel. The strongest point of the book is the comparison between the 1930s and the 1950s and the account of the measurable progress since 1939, of how much *less* we have of the privations and injustices of the past. The weakest point is the delineation of our contemporary society as it now is, as much a mixed society as our economy is a mixed economy, and creating a not dissimilar set of problems.

Three of Professor Cole's observations are particularly interesting. In his chapter on class structure, he maintains that the class struggle has become more and more a contest, not between unlikes, but of like with like. Class hatred is to be found more in Bournemouth than in Jarrow. It is in comfortable hotels rather than in trade union meetings "that the modern 'hymns of hate' are sung." In "Parties and Elections," he argues that "the working class is, strange as it may seem, the least discontented class." In his summing-up, when considering the balance of security and insecurity in social and international relations, the welfare state and the hydrogen bomb, he suggests that "most people do not reckon the one against the other, but keep the two in different compartments of their minds." The gains of the welfare state are measurable: the consequences of atomic war are not calculable. "That is why, though there is a deep and general desire for peace, there is no widespread peace movement."

Each of these three remarks is stimulating and suggestive, but they direct attention to important general features of our society—our inability to communicate with each other, for all the moves towards greater classlessness; our difficulty in maintaining a radical dynamic; our failure to educate, a crucial failure in what we sometimes call a mass democracy. The complacency and cosiness of Britain today, which alternately rouses a spirited minority to indignation and forces them to frustration, seems to me—it may be a personal view—to be at the very centre of the post-war condition of Britain. If it is, then the economic problems which confront Britain, and which are clearly stated by Professor Cole, are going to prove extremely difficult to solve. So too are the problems of international relations, which Professor Cole does not consider in this present volume. Living in a cosy corner is unfortunately not incompatible with reckless delusions of grandeur.

There are some features of mid-twentieth century society which have much in common with the features of mid-nineteenth century English society, from the Great Exhibition of 1851 down to the Second Reform Bill of 1867. To understand our present condition it is perhaps necessary to think back not only to the 1930s but to more distant periods in the past, and not only to look at Britain but to attempt admittedly difficult comparative studies of British society and other societies of our own day. The purpose of such exercises should be neither escape nor imitation, but greater understanding, with a view, I believe, to action. Whatever else has changed and must change, the old link between understanding and action needs to be restored.

There are some features of our society, however, which seem to be genuinely new, and Professor Cole says little about them. Television figures once in the index and on several occasions in the text, but there is no chapter on "mass communications." Professor Cole specifically says that "no attempt has been made in this book to evaluate the non-economic aspects of the change that has come over the British people since the 1930s, save in such fields as education and health." He gives as his reason that such matters, while not unimportant, "are for the most part immeasurable in objective terms." This limitation is a serious one; television touches education, and much else besides, and the pressure of commercialism in our mixed society influences much else besides commerce. We can be grateful to Professor Cole for the arduous effort of compiling this extremely useful book, but we will need more books and much thinking before we know sufficient about our "post-war condition."

Asa Briggs

Western Reproaches

The Man of Letters in the Modern World. By Allen Tate. *Thames & Hudson*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Critical Approaches to Literature. By David Daiches. *Longmans*. 25*s*.

There are some things about American literary criticism that send one dotty with vexation. Essays that read from the first word like malicious parodies of Mr. Eliot: "It is right even if it is not quite proper to observe at the beginning of a discourse on Dante...." Prissy little quirks of affirmation: "But if Dante is a poet (I agree with M. Gilson that he is)...." Great names looming up through a fog of vile writing:

> I cannot undertake to examine here Dante's double imagery in all its detail, for his light alone could lead us into complexities as rich as life itself. I had almost said richer than life, if by life we mean (as we must mean) what we ourselves are able daily to see, or even what certain writers have seen, with the exception of Shakespeare, and possibly of Sophocles and Henry James.

Now what does this stuff mean? Mr. Tate can't be saying that Henry James is richer, even if he is in an uninteresting sense more complicated, than Tolstoy—unless he has driven himself dotty too. And look at Sophocles lying there, a huge undigested lump of classiocity. (Sophocles reminds me that in another essay Mr. Tate quotes Ezra Pound's "and as for the text we have taken it from that of Messire Laurentius," and confesses that he can't be sure who Laurentius is. It might perhaps have been worth while to recall that the most renowned of Sophoclean manuscripts takes its name from the Laurentian Library founded by Lorenzo de' Medici—otherwise Laurentius.)

All the same, Mr. Tate often writes in a wide-awake and generous way, and with the attack of a practising poet. He describes the cultural and economic plight of Southern writers in the United States with a spryness that leaves one altogether cheerful. He hammers out an essay—long, tough and professional—with the ominous title *Is Literary Criticism Possible?* and interest just wins through. He writes well about Donne and Keats and Yeats; well and movingly about his friend Hart Crane. The genuineness of his concern does a lot to hold together these unrelated and very uneven studies. His book may have no subject, but at least it has got an author.

Critical Approaches to Literature, on the other hand, has a vast, though partly bogus, subject, and its author is lost for much of the time in a haze of mid-Atlantic intellectual neutralism and lecture-room routine. The book is certainly not what the publishers say it is, "a comprehensive and extremely well-documented study of the whole field of literary criticism"; it is an exposition of a few (and by no means always the most important) theories of art and literature, followed by two sections on practical criticism and on criticism in relation to such disciplines as psychology and sociology.

As to the theoretical section, one would like to know what kind of audience Dr. Daiches is addressing. The accounts of Plato and Aristotle are very elementary and seem to be aimed at beginners; but there are many Introductions to Greek Thought already, and this will not supplant the better ones among them. Again, beginners need some kind of general picture, however much they will have to modify it afterwards; so it seems a serious thing that Dr. Daiches's readers are left with a picture of almost unimaginable falsity. He gives them more than ten pages on Mr. I. A. Richards and not one single word on Lessing or Rousseau or Hegel or Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, or a dozen others. Most of the important writers between Horace and Croce are ignored or barely mentioned, with the result that those who do find a place are not easy to recognise. Thus Coleridge is here, but there is nothing about Kant or Schelling or the Schlegels. This can satisfy nobody (except Coleridge himself, who accounted for his plagiarisms as "a genial coincidence"); it makes Coleridge appear original where he was not, and it obscures his very real intellectual distinction in being almost the only Englishman of his time to understand that Kant was a great genius and had transformed philosophy.

The section on practical criticism offers some useful and interesting material, but there are far too many hand-book inanities:

> James Joyce in *Ulysses* devotes his huge novel to a presentation of a group of characters in a single city during a single day, yet by the end of the book we know the whole past life of the principal characters, as revealed through retrospective reverie on the characters' part. How different this is from Tolstoy's method in *War and Peace*! Different again is a novel such as George Eliot's *Adam Bede*. . . .

I take this to be the legacy of years spent lecturing to English and American students of middling quality: you can smell the chalk.

Mr. J. B. Priestley was saying a few weeks ago, and in this journal, that he regards English Literature in the universities as a "mournful little racket." So long as academic book-construction of this kind continues, he will find plenty of people to agree with him. There is always room for skilful exposition of a difficult theme, and it should be said, in fairness to Dr. Daiches, that he sometimes achieves this. But his touch is too uncertain. The following comment on a section of Shelley's *Defence of Poetry* is typical:

> Harmony of utterance, achieved by the proper choice of words and the relation of sound to sense among the words, is part of the way in which the imagination achieves a correspondence with the ideal order, and thus translation from one language into another, which means loss of this unique relation, is wellnigh impossible.

I call that worse than Shelley.

John Jones

New Novels

The Lonely Londoners. By Samuel Selvon. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

O Beulah Land. By Mary Lee Settle. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Rest Is Silence. By Erico Verissimo. *Arco.* 15*s.*

Sackcloth and Ashes. By Henri Troyat. *Arco.* 18*s.*

Mr. Selvon's documentary about West Indians in London is fresh and original. He has solved the problem of writing in dialect without being tedious; indeed his syntax has an immediate readability of its own. Here are some samples:

> It had a fellar call Five Past Twelve. A test look at him and say, "Boy, you black like midnight." Then the test take a second look and say, "No, you more like Five Past Twelve." . . .
>
> Big City come from an orphanage in one of the country district in Trinidad. When he was a little fellar he hear some people talking about the music the norphanage band does play. But instead of hearing "music" Big City thought he hear "fusic" and since that time nobody could ever get him to say music.
>
> "Listen to that sharp piece of fusic by Mantovani, Moses."
>
> "Man Big City, the word is 'music' no 'fusic'."
>
> "Ah you only trying to tie me up, You think I don't know English." . . .
>
> "Where you going Big City?"
>
> "Nottingham Gate."
>
> "Is not Nottingham, boy, is Notting Hill."
>
> "You trying to —— me up?"
>
> "All right, all right. Where you living now?"
>
> "Shepherd's Hill."

Not all the characters are quite so simple-minded as these two, but Mr. Selvon is mainly concerned with what he calls the real hustlers, the desperate ones who land up hopeless on the doorstep with one set of luggage, now, in this later period when there is already "too much spades in the Water." He leaves the students and the better-off types on one side. His tests are glimpsed roguishly disporting themselves—making lime, as they call it—in their quarter, the area which as the blurb points out is seemingly bounded by those hitherto undiscovered London landmarks, the Water and the Arch. You follow them to the Labour Exchanges, to the Saturday night social and the park bench. In winter they huddle miserably. In summer they enjoy a short butterfly period. There is a good deal of sex but no Soho sensationalism, only a passing whiff of marijuana. The picture may not be quite complete—you might like to see some more of them on the job because, after all, they are not all unemployed, not yet—but it is strikingly vivid as far as it goes and makes you eager for more.

Our other three novels this week are all panoramic chronicles. *O Beulah Land* is much the best of them. Its setting, after an early flashback to Newgate, is the Alleghany Mountains in the middle of the eighteenth century: war with the French, Indian fighting and pioneering. Characters include Hannah, a London pickpocket transported, who takes up with a hermit-patriarch, and a young Virginian couple, representative of the new Americans. For a historical novel the writing is unusually sensitive. Miss Lee Settle has a strong imagination; she sees her scenes in sharpest detail. Her construction is a bit shaky; there is a good deal of dodging about and some rather bewildering changes in the focus of identification, but she is a highly talented writer and well worth taking a little trouble with. Almost she has been able to cure me of my deep congenital allergy to that particular period and setting.

Erico Verissimo is described by his publishers as "the Theodore Dreiser of Brazil." He is not quite so unappetising as that sounds. Nevertheless, *The Rest Is Silence* is a maddening novel, like a joke parcel; you go on unwrapping and unwrapping and find there is nothing really there. It is very long and conscientiously written. It sets out to give a detailed cross-section of life in a large bustling Brazilian commercial centre, but it leaves you feeling as if you had been turning over the pages of one of those unreadable magazines which you find in the lounges of Swiss hotels. The plot or link is simply that a young Polish girl, daughter of immigrants, jumps off the thirteenth floor of a skyscraper. This serves to introduce seven assorted characters who see her land on the pavements. Among them are a retired business-man, a newspaper-boy, a novelist, a gigolo; we follow them backwards and forwards in time and learn about the dead girl's past but there is never any satisfactory connecting-up process. One of them is the wife of a visiting composer and this enables Sr. Verissimo to indulge in a long symphonic metaphor towards the end. He is not helped by a stilted translator, but surely Brazilian city life has some atmosphere of its own? Surely not all Brazilians are displaced European continental zombies?

Sackcloth and Ashes is a vast epic of the Russian revolution. It opens in Moscow among the literary intelligentsia fairly soon after the start of the war and proceeds to give you the full treatment, right on through the Rasputin episode, the February revolution and the Kerensky period—that curious interlude which lasted only a few months but was the equivalent, in other countries of a century or two—the Bolshevik coup, with glimpses of Lenin at Smolny, and the civil war. Principal characters among a whole horde are Volodia Burin, pathetic literary intellectual number one, and Kisiakov, a Rabelaisian diabolist-nihilist who fails to come off which is perhaps just as well. But although M. Troyat is no Tolstoy, he does give you a strong feeling for the period, a sense of being at perhaps the most nodal point in modern history, a time when nobody's temperature was normal for years on end.

Maurice Richardson

Tay Crash

The High Girders. By John Prebble. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The collapse of the Tay Bridge was more than just the collapse of another bridge, even if the greatest bridge in the world. What crumpled out of existence every bit as certainly as the High Girders, the eponymous centre section, crumpled and snapped into the wind-tossed Tay, was the myth of the invulnerable power of Victorian progress. The blow was far more telling than any physical onslaught, more disastrous even than a City crash. For it struck at Victorian pride, that tender plant forced by vitalising hormone injections of aggrandisement and self-betterment into a vast tropical growth, puffy and unhealthy.

But the Tay Bridge was no mere bubble-burster: it was a chop with a machete. To this day nobody knows what happened: whether the train travelling too fast in Victorian certitude shook the structure from beneath itself, whether the fabric, rocked by a phenomenal gale, coffined the train down, or whether a combination of both rattled to its doom a bridge that was lucky to last the 18 months it did. Mr. John Prebble's knowledgeable and absorbing account of the bridge's construction is hair-raising in its revelations of amateurism and bungling and slap-dash design; and blood-chilling in its details from the Court of Inquiry and elsewhere of criminal bodging, incredible founding, incompetent directive and lack of maintenance.

How anyone could be so shockingly indifferent to so many facets of bridge design and building is incredible. Planned to stand on the bedrock that was assumed to lie not far beneath the surface, the bridge in fact was eventually erected on piles sunk at a high cost in lives (over twenty died, the bridge their brief memorial) into the gravel. No plan was made for high wind velocities, and these were to prove devastating. Under them, and the stress of the train's motion, bolts fell out, ties on the cross stays worked loose, columns cracked. Little surprise that the columns were disintegrating, for few structures can ever have been built with such scabrous work. The foundrymen hid the holes with Beaumont's Egg, a filler of beeswax and iron-dust, the only merit of which (if it was a merit) was that it hardened with the appearance of iron. But it was a sufficient reason for the Victorian foundry-owners.

And so it goes on, a gamble of treachery, ruthlessness, indifference, incompetence, with peoples' lives as the stakes. Mr. Prebble calls Sir Thomas Bouch, the disgraced designer, a tragic figure. But the most charitable view must be that he was a criminal lunatic.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Chinese Man and Nature

Science and Civilisation in China. Vol. II—History of Chinese Thought. By JOSEPH NEEDHAM, assisted by WANG LING. *Cambridge.* 80*s.*

> The Li is called the natural rule of Heaven, because it is by its operation that all things are governed by weight and measure conformably with their estates. This rule of Heaven is called Tien Tao.

The writer is Leibniz, explaining, with approval, the philosophy of the Sung Neo-Confucians. His admiration for Chinese science was no doubt enhanced by a mistaken impression that the Chinese had anticipated him by several thousand years in the invention of a binary system of numeration; but it was shared by most of his learned contemporaries, and it was not until the arrival of the gun-boats, more than a century later, that a rather different view of the Chinese began to prevail. On the whole, Chinese science was slightly more advanced than European right up to the comparatively recent advent of mechanistic materialism. The seventeenth-century Jesuits were proud of having taught China the "correct doctrine" of the four elements. Indeed, one of the paradoxes which emerges from this remarkable book is the fact that the morphological view of the universe, the "spermatic" or "organic" concept of nature which is peculiarly Chinese, seems admirably suited to the latest tendencies in Western science, now well beyond the stage in which a materialistic, mechanical universe obeys the "laws of nature" prescribed by a Divine Lawgiver. Chinese philosophers therefore anticipated the attitude of modern science while somehow failing to achieve its results.

Dr. Needham's book, with a breathtaking range and scope and comparing at each step the Chinese with their Western counterparts, surveys the whole course of Chinese philosophical and scientific thought in order to discover just why it was that China failed to develop modern science. This may seem a chicken-and-egg sort of problem. Of course, one cannot believe that scientific advance is purely fortuitous. The simultaneity of discoveries in different places having a similar cultural inheritance seems to make this fairly clear. But does science make the society in which scientists (or artisans) discover things, or is it the society which encourages invention in the first place? The question has only to be stated for its absurdity to appear. One is forced to fall back on geography and population statistics. China was isolated and seldom engaged in life and death struggles with her neighbours. Her population was large and fairly static. Her economy was agrarian. She did not rely on trade or piracy for her subsistence, nor on powerful armaments for survival. She *had* all these things, but they were refinements rather than necessities. Gunpowder was a plaything and the magnetic compass was used for artistic grave-siting. On the other hand, water conservancy (or hydraulics) and astronomy (or mathematics), which are extremely important in an agrarian society, reached a high level of development in China.

A work of this scope and depth naturally does not attempt a single slick solution. The facts which inhibited development are shown to have been numerous and complex. Some causes are, however, shown to have been pre-eminent; and of these one may list first bureaucratism, which absorbed the best brains and emasculated the intelligentsia by turning them all into bookmen; secondly Buddhism, with its teaching that Nature is *maya*, illusion, and therefore not to be trusted, let alone investigated and analysed; and thirdly the cabbalistic lore concerned with categories of hexagrams, numbers, elements, and so forth, which haunted Chinese thinkers long after its usefulness had been superseded.

Like a thread through all Chinese philosophical thought from a very early date runs the concept of two natural forces: the male, active, heat-producing, positive principle, and the female, quiescent, cold, negative principle, whose interaction is at the root of all phenomena. These forces are conceived of as having themselves emerged from a Unity. The dualism at the heart of Chinese philosophy (one thinks immediately of positive and negative fields in physics or of male and female in biology) is therefore a complementary dualism, quite unlike the matter and spirit dualism of European thought. Inside this organic conception of the universe a place was found for ethics—the harmony of the parts in the body, of man in society and of society in the universe being all part of the same harmony. If our science is now approaching a view of Nature in many respects similar to the Chinese, it does so purged by the sufferings which were imposed by the aggressive mechanical materialism of our pioneering grandsires. Precision and iron law brought us to where we stand; but the Chinese, with no notion of abstract law, bending and twisting as Nature bent and twisted, have preserved for us, as it were fossilised, a vision of Nature that we can now believe in. The philosophy of this static China reminds one of some great prehistoric beast which went on perfecting itself millennium by millennium, until an aggressive and predatory world brought about its extinction.

Obviously there are many things in this book with which the doctors will disagree; but it seems to me to be a book of very great importance, and no one reading it will fail to get a better insight not only into Chinese, but into his own civilisation. And anyone who wished to could spend the rest of his life reading the books mentioned in the bibliography.

DAVID HAWKES

Herod the King

The Life and Times of Herod the Great. By STEWART PEROWNE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

In this illuminating and highly readable piece of history Mr. Perowne presents Herod as an able and imaginative ruler, embodying many of the most typical Arab qualities, including the gift for personal relationships with other men, which have always made Arabs so acceptable to Westerners, including such spiritual Englishmen as Vipsanius Agrippa. But Herod also had the typical Arab bad qualities, including cruelty, treachery and an inability to use any kind of judgment when in love. He had the misfortune to be tough enough to stay alive for ten years although in the grip of an extremely painful disease which also affected his mental balance, and the further misfortune that most of the evidence for his life comes from a history which was written to please his great-granddaughter, mistress of a Roman prince, many of whose relations, including her great-great-grandmother, had been killed by Herod, some of them justifiably enough, but others not.

On the other hand Herod built the Temple at Jerusalem, the Temple of the New Testament, and one gets some idea in this book of what an amazing building, or series of buildings, it must have been in the short time before Herod's old friends the Romans smashed it and carried off the sacred emblems and vessels. It was a tremendous feat of engineering as well as of architecture, and there were special difficulties: in order to insure against profanation by unclean hands and also, no doubt, in order to please the hereditary priesthood, a thousand priests were trained as skilled stone-cutters, carpenters and decorators and issued with special garments, as well—one can be sure—as being paid the rate for the job. There is a most interesting discussion of the money sources for this and for the various fortresses, harbours, water supplies and other public works which Herod had built. Copper mines, balsam and palm groves, and trade with the East all yielded revenue. It seems quite odd to have no mention of oil: Herod would have found himself thoroughly at home with oil politics.

Over Cleopatra of Egypt, Mr. Perowne has, I think, taken the conventional, pro-Roman view, nor will Cleopatra perhaps be given her due until history is re-written by women: and women, at that, who have come out of the moral grip of the Father-religions. It seems highly probable that Cleopatra (who was, after all, Cleopatra-Iris, the suffering mother figure) saw the necessity of another power to counterbalance the Roman one, and based on another type of religious belief. That might have been a better world pattern, and, had it happened, it is possible that Judea might have been the Third Force, able to hold the balance as England did at various times in her history, and becoming more and more powerful in the process. If that had happened, and if this Judea had developed in the kind of spiritual direction in which it appeared to be going, away from Herod's temple to a temple not built by hands, there would have been a limited Roman Empire, less vulnerable to barbarian attack on its fringes, perhaps less terribly monolithic in Rome. There might have been no Titus and no *Diaspora*. But there is one of the big historical Ifs. As things went, Herod sided with the Romans.

How much do we really disapprove of Herod?—once, that is to say, that we have separated the real man from "Herod the King, In his raging." One has, nowadays, a sneaking sympathy with anyone who wants to be magnificent. We seem to have so little room for magnificence, except, perhaps, for such things as large jet aircraft and cyclotrones. But their magnificence goes out of date almost from the moment of inception; whereas even the few courses of Herod's walls which remain still have the quality. And he lived at a very difficult time and place for personal magnificence. This comes out clearly in Mr. Perowne's book:

> In Judea, Herod could not even put his effigy on his coins, far less erect any sort of memorial which should redound to his personal glory. Not an inscription, not a statue, nothing might be erected to a human being, not even to so bountiful a ruler as Herod. To God only might glory and honour be ascribed.

Nor could he ever become High Priest, though he could and did push the High Priests about. He killed a great many people, but that has happened before and since, and he saved a number of lives by his forethought and sensible foreign policy during a very bad famine. He can never have felt at home in Judea. There was all this talk about Messiahs, and though he respected the truly saintly, or perhaps feared them, they could never be his friends.

NAOMI MITCHISON

MAN AND THE UNIVERSE

Six lectures by J. G. Bennett

How do we think? What is "learning from experience"? Can all sciences be put into a single coherent scheme? What is Life? Why are we men able to be conscious of ourselves? These are among the questions discussed in his book 'The Dramatic Universe' to be published by Hodder & Stoughtou on 7th February, 1957.

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Two Celtic Anthologies

Early Irish Lyrics: Eighth to Twelfth Century. Edited by GERARD MURPHY. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

The Burning Tree: Poems from the First 1,000 Years of Welsh Verse. Edited by GWYN WILLIAMS. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Two useful books: each with the original texts printed to the left of their translations. Erse and Cymric being phonetic languages, even English readers who cannot understand a word of either should be able to appreciate the metrical subtlety of the verse merely by reading it aloud, once the spelling convention has been mastered. Both editors are well-known scholars, and if I were reviewing these books for a daily paper, or the Home Service, I should be content merely to quote and praise. But since NEW STATESMAN readers insist on having their critical sense pandered to, here I come a-pandering.

Gerard Murphy's *Early Irish Poetry,* though advertised as suitable for poetry lovers in general, was written for advanced students of Erse, hence the formidably complex grammatic notes, which exceed the poems in length by three or four times —and the formidably high price of two guineas. Several of the loveliest poems from the *Tales* are included, such as *Mider's Wooing of Etain*:

> Fair woman, wilt thou come with me
> to a marvellous land of stars,
> Where the folk have primrose-coloured hair
> and bodies whiter than the snow?

and *Créide's Lament for Dinertach*:

> These are the arrows that murder sleep
> At every hour of the ice-cold night:
> Pangs of love throughout the day
> For the company of the man from Roiny . . .

and *Laegh's Description of the House of Failbe Fand*:

> Copper are the borders of the beds,
> White bronze the pillars, overlaid with gold;
> This the candle in their midst:
> A lustrous precious stone.
>
> Without the westward portal,
> In the place where sets the sun,
> Stand a herd of grey palfreys, dappled their manes,
> And another herd, purple-brown.
>
> There rise at the Eastern portal
> Three ancient trees of purple pure,
> From them the sweet, everlasting birds
> Call to the lads of the kingly rath.

But I confess that I am here quoting earlier and more felicitous English renderings than those supplied by Mr. Murphy, whose literal style recalls Kelly's *Keys to the Classics*, and whose overriding interest in linguistic problems sometimes makes him leave problems of meaning unsolved. It is unfair, for instance, to mention Finn's control of "the three poetic arts: prophetic marrow chewing, illuminating foresight, and incantation from heads", without explaining these terms. After some hours of research, I have made good my gap in knowledge: the marrow seems to have been sacred swine marrow; Finn divined by putting his thumb under a certain oracular tooth in his own mouth; and "the heads", according to a scholiast on the *Senchus Mor*, were the sensitive tips of his fingers.

Professor Gwyn Williams's book is addressed to the poetry-lover, not the student, and his translation is far more agreeable, though he forgets at times that the same level of language should be kept up throughout any given poem. I suspect that he learned from the BBC (and I don't mean *The Black Book of Carmarthen*, one of his main manuscript sources) that, to be natural, one must always use "don't" and "won't" and "I've" and "I'd", and never be afraid of colloquialisms. Thus, a typical passage begins in the archaic manner:

> I saw from the onslaught of the warrior Son of Gruffudd
> Many thousands maimed, and a broken rout . . .
> I am called Gwalchmai: for to Edwin and the Angles
> In the turmoil of the host.

but suddenly goes all BBC:

> I am a killer.
> My sword is a flash, it won't do to insult me.
> I don't restrain my hand from killing, it's fitter.

And in an *Ode* by Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd (died 1170), we find the splendid mountain-name "Eryri" translated "Snowdonia", a word—so I believe—coined around 1905 by a Birmingham clerk in the poster department of the Cambrian Railway. Mr. Murphy's text-book presupposes an ability in his students to pronounce Erse; but I think Professor Gwyn Williams should have told his English poetry-lovers how to pronounce a line like: *lleisw á i gwlych fal llysiau glân.* He also has less excuse than Mr. Murphy for withholding poetic information—as in *The Sick Man of Aber Cuawg*:

> To sit high on a hill is the wish of my heart,
> Yet it does not rouse me:
> My journey's short, my little homestead's empty.
>
> The breeze is sharp, cowherds are ragged:
> Whilst trees put on the fair colour
> Of summer, I am very sick today.
>
> At Aber Cuawg, cuckoos sing
> On flowering branches:
> Wretched sick man who hears them all the time!
>
> At Aber Cuawg cuckoos sing:
> Bitter it is to my mind
> That one who once heard them hears them no more. . . .
>
> High above the splendid oak
> I heard the voice of birds:
> O loud cuckoo, we remember those we love!

He suggests in a footnote: "The sick man may have been a leper." Or suffered from a slipped disc, or a stomach ulcer, who knows? But the point of the poem, as the English reader would hardly guess, is that the morbid Welsh cuckoo says: "*Cw-cw?*"—"Where? Where?", in Old Cymric. Cruelly it reminds the sick man of his lost loved ones—I guess a son and loyal henchmen who fell on the battlefield when he was himself incurably wounded; since he complains in the poem of the smallness of his present retinue.

Then there is Lewis Glyn Cothi's *Lament for His Dead Son*:

> A sweet apple and a bird
> The boy loved, and white pebbles,
> A bow made of a thorn twig
> And little brittle swords of wood.
> He feared a pipe and a scarecrow
> And begged his mother for a ball.
> He'd make as though to flatter
> And then fall out with me;
> Then make it up for a chip of wood
> Or a dice that he desired.
> Beuno brought seven heaven-dwellers
> Back again into this life.
> Woe upon woe to my true heart
> That Siôn's soul does not make eight.

The reader surely deserves to be told who the seven other "heaven-dwellers" were. (Here I have had to do another half-hour of research: I find that St. Beuno miraculously raised St. Winifred and her six dead nuns.) He will also be baffled by the last lines of Meilyr's *Deathbed Poem*, in which Meilyr bemoans his sinful life but hopes for divine forgiveness:

> Island of Fair Mary, pure island of the pure,
> How lovely to await resurrection there!
> Christ of the foretold Cross knows and will keep me
> From pain of Hell—that guesthouse apart.
> The Creator who created me will take me in
> To the good parish of Bardsey's people.

Why Bardsey? A story comes back to me from my Welsh childhood that when an early Pope once sent a commission to examine the fitness of certain obscure North Welsh saints for the Roman calendar, the delegates had Bardsey Island pointed out to them as the "Isle of 10,000 Saints". Everyone who died there had always been automatically canonised. Was Meilyr humorously referring (I shouldn't wonder) to death on Bardsey as his sole hope of halidom? Or was he a Bardsey man by birth? This is the sort of information one expects from a conscientious editor. But Professor Gwyn Williams's foreword suggests that he is less interested in the meaning of a medieval poem than in its intimations of modernity: at any rate, he praises Dylan Thomas as having been faithful to national tradition—"to the dispersed nature of the thematic splintering of Welsh poetry [*sic*]". I can find no evidence for this phenomenon in the pieces he has chosen—and he is careful to omit the Deutero-Taliesin poems, some of which seem to have been purposely "pied", for security reasons, by their heretical minstrel authors. The poetic argument, I agree, is often phrased elliptically, because of the crabbed metres with which the bards bound themselves, but even Thomas Prys in his fantastically cascading ballad of *The Porpoise* keeps true to a central theme.

ROBERT GRAVES

Among the Eggheads

Potter on America. By STEPHEN POTTER. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Pleasantly honest" is his publisher's description of Mr. Potter's book, which is as neat a back-hander as I have ever seen in a blurb: we all know honesty can never be pleasant. In fact, Mr. Potter has written a very good little book the merits of which are in exact proportion to its lack of pretension. The great fault of the ruck of tourists' books on the United States from Marryat onwards has been the half-baked generalisation, the sweeping conclusion from too little knowledge. Mr. Potter avoids this. Another Englishman in New York told him that the English, or such as work the lecture circuits of America, "were late Greeks, Byzantine Greeks, working for the Roman Empire." Mr. Potter comments: "I liked this, it made my suit feel less shabby"; but he is careful not to allow any of the feelings of superiority that spring from the sense of inferiority to stain the record.

In essence, his book is the journal of three visits Mr. Potter made to the United States in 1951 and 1955. He was travelling in his role of Chief Lifeman, or the Sage of Yeovil; it was as such that he normally made his appearance on the lecture platforms. Lifemanship, which in this country is infernally reminiscent of the Third Programme trying to be funny, is a pretty highbrow cult in America, one of the devices by which the American intellectual, ever self-critical, asserts his difference from the lonely crowd in which he lives. It was to the breeding-haunts of intellectuals and their bastard progeny of the communications industry that Mr. Potter's lecture itinerary naturally took him: the publishing and radio worlds of New York, eggheaded Washington, and the campuses of colleges and universities; in other words, to that part of America which is not merely white but Anglo-Saxon, is consciously liberal, is successful in living well-upholstered lives, and which is represented by *The New Yorker.*

Mr. Potter in his journal captures it admirably. His mind is lively and amusing—and ready to be both amused and attracted. What one particularly admires about this record are his receptivity and his fairness. His comments, which are very good indeed, spring from particularised observation, as, for example, on the social world of the New York communications industry: "One feels that the worst social floater would be to know, even by name, some stock glamour-woman from films, like Rita Hayworth." That is very perceptive; and he is just as good when he is on the college campus. No doubt the America Mr. Potter is on in this book is a small one and perhaps an untypical one. Mr. Potter does not pretend otherwise, but he records it very faithfully. He is content to set down only what he has seen himself. And that is more valuable than any amount of generalisations and solemn conclusions.

WALTER ALLEN

Gramophone Records

No singer that I have heard on record in recent months has come within a mile of giving me such unmitigated pleasure as Zinka Milanov on an HMV disc containing selections from *La Forza del Destino*. Here for once is a dramatic soprano in complete control of her voice, with technical assurance of a sort that is disappearing from our opera houses at an alarming rate, and a wonderfully even legato style that none of her rivals can touch. She is well supported by Jan Peerce and Leonard Warren in the main roles, but the recording, which is never more than adequate, deteriorates towards the centre.

I am bound, however, to confess that Milanov's performance in the new HMV *Aida* is less impressive. She soon recovers from an unsteady start, but her performance remains rather over-careful and conscientious, so that one rarely forgets the artist in the character. And her voice often sounds curiously indirect as though it were coming through a screen. But when all this is taken into account, she still gives a much more sustained and all-round performance than Callas on Columbia. Björling improves as Radames in the last two acts, but while one remains grateful for a modicum of taste rare in tenors, his singing is neither very interesting nor very exciting and heroic passages strain his voice badly. Warren is a competent Amonasro lacking the musical insight of Gobbi, and, as Amneris, Barbieri gives a sound if rather heavy performance that nonetheless rises to considerable heights in the last scene. The orchestral playing under Perlea is dramatic, the recording is mainly good if a bit boxy and undefined at moments. Not, then, *the* Aida one might have hoped for, but the best to be had at present.

Decca's Italian team of Tebaldi and Del Monaco is to be heard on a fine four-disc, and thus complete, *Forza del Destino*, and on a three-disc *Trovatore*. Technically these records have a remarkable spaciousness and easy brilliance, so that the choral scenes and big ensembles, particularly in *Forza*, emerge in a most convincing manner. But if only Decca could manage to record the human voice with equal fidelity. Tebaldi's lovely voice emerges from my speaker encased in a foam of fizz that makes one reach for every sort of cut and filter. She is moreover rather below top form in *Forza*, and apart from a few fine movements cannot really rival Milanov. Del Monaco and Bastianiani sing boldly, but the most enjoyment comes from Corena's lively Melitone and a distinguished Preziosilla from Simionato. On the whole *Il Trovatore* gets a better performance. Tebaldi sings with more dramatic conviction than usual and Del Monaco is an exciting hero. He may not be over-subtle in approach but there is accomplishment in the rhythmic precision with which he raps out the staccato quavers in "Di quella Pira." Simionato gives another fine performance as Azucena, but Savarese is a dull Luna, and Erede's gentle conducting shows up better in the elegance of isolated detail than in dramatic excitement.

The best thing in a two-disc Columbia recording of *La Traviata* is Gobbi's extremely moving Germont père and Serafin's handling of the score. For some tastes his tempo may be rather too measured. But he finds his way into the pulse of the music in a manner that enables him to hold a big ensemble, such as at the end of the second act, in the palm of the hand. Di Stefano's liquid voice sounds well but his performance remains rather negative. Stella's Violetta is a good deal better than a recent Aida at Covent Garden might have led one to hope. She clearly offers promising vocal material but her performance smacks more of the singing lesson than of the opera house: recording, averagely good.

There are plenty of reasons why one should not recommend the Verdi *Requiem Mass* conducted by Toscanini on two HMV discs. These records blast and bray, fume and fizz in the most upsetting way and the balance is far from ideal. Equally the soloists, although good in the main, are not the equal of those in the old Serafin set. But Toscanini . . . it is not just the tremendous excitement and drive of the whole performance, but the astonishing way in which in his hands the most conventional little figures live as though for the first time. And the fervour of it all is astounding. Thus "Mors Stupebit" plunges into a bottomless pit of blank despair from which the great cry of "Dies Irae" thunders out like a shout for deliverance.

Toscanini has also recorded with the NBC Orchestra and Robert Shaw Chorale the Verdi *Te Deum*, of which he gave the first performance almost 59 years ago. Here the recording, again on HMV, is much better, although the orchestra is rather far forward. The performance is superb. On the reverse of this record is the prologue to Boito's *Mefistofele*. This is much the most worthwhile part of a laboriously contrived work. A heavily cut version of the whole opera is available on two HMV discs whose sound is of erratic quality. The performance is conducted by Gui and Boris Christoff gives the title role the full works. But oh, how tedious all that diablery remains! Enthusiasts apart, most people would do well to stick to the prologue, which is far more persuasively handled by Toscanini.

There is a decent but really rather dull *Don Pasquale* on two Philips discs, with a quadrilingual text for 7s. 6d. extra. Bruna Rizzoli is a competent if rather charmless Norina, Valdengo's Malatesta is as wooden a performance as one could imagine. Only Capecchi manages to inject a little life into poor old Pasquale, but there is not much musical distinction about his singing. Molinari-Pradelli is sluggishly served by the San Carlo choir and orchestra. But the recording, although not of Decca spaciousness, is exceedingly comfortable, the surface is startlingly silent and I know of few discs on which the voices can be reproduced with so little trouble. Selections from *Lucia di Lammermoor* are available on a single Columbia disc. Callas is the attraction here, but it all depends how you react to so erratic a performance. Gobbi and Di Stefano give sound support, but the recording is constricted and on occasions distorts.

There are three recent Puccini recordings and I warmly commend all of them to addicts of this beguiling and fabulously skilful composer. Sir Thomas Beecham's *La Bohème* on two HMV discs is memorable. I have rarely heard this enchanting score, which simply as music stands head and shoulders above so many more pretentious operas, played with such fire, warmth and delicacy. As Mimi, Victoria de los Angeles gathers strength throughout the performance and her last act is deeply moving. Both she and Björling adopt a properly intimate style so that there is here none of the shouting that mars so many recordings of Italian operas. The orchestral recording is excellent, but the standard is rather less high where voices are concerned.

The fine three-disc Decca *Turandot* is more uneven. Erede is better suited to Puccini's lyricism than to Verdi's fierce idiom. He secures sensitive orchestral playing and choral singing, which, together with a first-rate recording, combine to realize the impressionist poetry of great moments, like the rising of the moon, in a most convincing manner. Ping, Pang and Pong tap all the delicate nostalgia and irony of their little scene and Corena's Ping is especially good. Tebaldi scales down her voice for the role of Liù and her death scene is movingly sung. As the Calaf, Del Monaco delivers the answers in fine style, but elsewhere a little more romantic ardour would not come amiss. As Turandot Inge Borkh scales the high, long phrases in which the role abounds with confidence and dramatic excitement, but her middle register sounds uneven and vibrato-ridden.

Finally, that remarkable and much too little-performed one-act thriller, *Il Tabarro*, is available on a single HMV disc. Puccini's genius for creating atmosphere is rarely more marked than in the Debussyesque opening, and the remorseless manner in which tension grows is worthy of Simenon at his best. Margaret Mass's Giorgetta is unsteady and a little disappointing, but Gobbi's Michele is superbly sung and played. Bellezza conducts the Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a most convincing manner and apart from a bad patch of sound at the end the recording is on a high standard.

PETER HEYWORTH

Cookery books have been plentiful as turkeys this Christmas and hardly a country has not been pillaged of its national dishes. Here are a few titles: *Round the World in 80 Dishes* by Lesley Blanch (Murray, 18s.); *The Four-in-One Continental Cookery Book* by the Browns (Arco, 15s.); *French Cooking for the Home* by Louis Diat (Hammond, 21s.); *Good Food from Vienna* by Susan Strong (Muller, 15s.); *How to Cook and Eat in Chinese* by Buwei Yang Chao (Faber, 21s.); *The Art of Italian Cooking* by Mario Lo Pinto and Milo Miloradovich (Ward Lock, 15s.); Mary Gallati's *Good Cooking Companion* (Souvenir Press, 15s.); *Recipes Round the World* by Joyce Muriel (Harrap, 9s. 6d).

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Verlaine wrote a ballade on the line, "*Mais moi je vois la vie en rouge.*" Competitors are invited to submit a ballade—3 verses and envoi—in English on the line "I always look upon the side that's black."

Report

The less time allowed to competitors obviously acted as a mental spur. The entries were numerous, the level very high and the pessimistic imaginings ingenious and diverting. There was Leslie Johnson's—

When I took a bride
The words " for worse " stood out from all the rest.

Selwyn Turner's envoi to a certain European Princess conjured up an awful situation—

What if your expectations should prove quins?

And good entries came from J. A. Lindon (with a witty envoi), R. A. McKenzie, Philomela (a ballade of witchcraft), Mrs. H. Bradburn, Alberick and G. J. Blundell; while a moving plea for the coloured races was submitted by Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

It proved impossible to give my final short list an order of merit; I suggest, therefore, that the prize money be divided among the entries printed (but who wins Nancy Gunter's boots?). Only a hairsbreadth divides the winners from Bayard Simmons, R. J. P. Hewison, Eric Swainson, E. J. Miller, C. W. V. Wordsworth and J. E. Hinder.

THE BALLADE OF CAREFUL JOAN

I've never hoped, or hoarded a trousseau;
Slide out my bottom drawer, and you will see
No orange-blossom, veil, or mistletoe;
Just unworn widow's weeds (and eau-de-vie);
Alone, and via the L.P.T.B.,
I travel, not in any Cadillac
Beside a whisky'd, whisker-twisting *he*—
I always look upon the side that's black.

Man is a wily monster, Woman's foe,
As dark and hairy as a chimpanzee,
His bedroom full of *etchings* that he'll show
To any girl in dainty lingerie;
The sort *I* wear are good stout dimity,
Grey-flannel lined, well-corded at the back,
With cuffs that *button* just above the knee—
I always look upon the side that's black.

I don't suppose I'll ever marry, though
I might if I could dazzle a grandee,
The lord of some great castle or château;
A gentleman he'd surely have to be,
Mere proletariat or bourgeoisie
Will never furnish me with what I lack;
Nor would I wed without a guarantee—
I always look upon the side that's black.

Envoi

Prince—ah, but Prince of what? Of high degree?
Of Wales? Of Peace? Of far-off Sarawak?
Of *Darkness?* Why, then, you're the boy for me—
I always look upon the side that's black!

GLORIA PRINCE

"*Mais moi, je vois la vie en rouge*"—Verlaine
Must have been wearing spectacles of pink,
Been more than momentarily insane,
Hepped up on drugs, delirious with drink.
How could he have the witlessness to think
Men would endure this lateritious yak?
From such appalling rosiness I shrink—
I always look upon the side that's black.

I love the dark outside the window-pane.
When I see crimson, I see red, or blink;
In aspect like the Melancholy Dane,
On Mother's Day, I wire my mom, " You stink!"
I much prefer obsidian to zinc,
My hobbies are the thumbscrew and the rack,
And even when my wife is wearing mink,
I always look upon the side that's black.

La vie en rouge? Noir gagne. Let cloud and rain
Obscure the sunlight, let no bobolink
Sing silly tunes, but rooks and owls complain
With unmelodious omen, while the brink
Of doom extends, expands. Assassins clink
Glasses, and toast destruction. At my back
I hear the deadly muffled footfall slink.
I always look upon the side that's black.

Envoi

Prince, don't believe a word of this. I sink
To rise, retreat in order to attack,
And even when my ledger shows red ink
I always look upon the side that's black.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

I do not smile when smiling Spring is here,
Bright Joy I cannot capture as she flies,
To me Spring seems as chilly and as drear
As Winter was; I look with jaundiced eyes
On what my Easter breakfast tray supplies,
My swans are geese and every duck a quack,
" They're all bad eggs! " I gloomily surmise,
I always look upon the side that's black.

And at the wondrous season of the year
When fair Midsummer gilds our native skies
(To-day's good joke!) no shining visions clear
In which with fairy-folk we fraternise
Will ever come my way—contrariwise
All night wild nightmares beat a dreadful track
Across my sleep until the long night dies;
I always look upon the side that's black.

And when old Christmastide brings merry cheer
Do I join in the gay festivities?
No, like old Scrooge before the Ghosts appear
I sadly muse on how the prices rise,
Drive carol-singers off with angry cries,
Collect of unpaid bills a mounting stack,
My Christmas stockings never are my size,
I always look upon the side that's black.

Envoi

Iris, your hopeful promise I despise,
A silver lining all my dark clouds lack;
(I'll bet my boots this doesn't gain a prize)
I always look upon the side that's black.

NANCY GUNTER

When other people tunefully delight
To bring old kitbags out wherein to pack
Their troubles up and put dull care to flight,
Or Comfort take in some proverbial crack
About the day that always follows night,
I doubt if happy days will soon be back,
Or if things in the end will turn out right,
I always look upon the side that's black.

More learned folk poetic maxims cite
To summon up the confidence they lack.
For me, the pathway to Parnassus' height
Was never better than a cul-de-sac.
I can't regard as high poetic flight—
But rather ravings of a maniac—
Such lines as " Westward, look, the land is bright!"
I always look upon the side that's black.

Some in convivial boozing seek respite
From pangs that put their conscience on the rack,
But rarely to their revelling invite
One whom it hurts like hell to pay his whack.
To reckon up the cost of getting tight
Would easily bring on a heart attack,
So in my role of sober anchorite
I always look upon the side that's black.

Envoi

Prince, at a party I'm an awful blight,
Of being gay I haven't got the knack.
I never dream of Christmas being white,
I always look upon the side that's black.

J. B. SMITH

The Chess Board

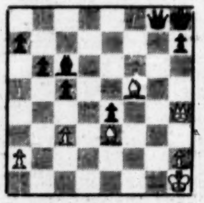
No. 372. Spurning Charley's Aunt

It may or may not be significant that the competitors of the first Hastings tournament when offered the alternative entertainment of " Charley's Aunt " or a concert, unanimously opted for music; and while the masters now assembled at Hastings may well be similarly inclined it seems unlikely that the offer of a special prize for the winner of most Evans Gambits will be repeated. 61 years ago there were nine of them and only six Sicilians, while anything remotely resembling a K-Indian or a Nimzo-Indian is listed under " less favoured debuts." As for the Evans prize, not surprisingly it went to Tchigorin who, in the first few rounds scored wins against Pillsbury, Lasker and Tarrasch and a 20-move-loss against his compatriot Schiffers who hadn't beaten him in years. What excitement there was, what with Lasker dropping 2 points in the first 4 rounds and Tarrasch scoring a mere ½ point out of the first 3! Then, White against young Walbrodt, he seemed to be heading for trouble again, but miraculously managed to reverse fortunes when this position was reached. /3b2rk/ 6ktp/ p3q3/ 2pbPpr1/ PpKtp1R2/ 1P1Q2P1/ 1BPKt1R1P/ 6K1/. Now after (32) Kt-Q6! Walbrodt might still have had the better of it by . . . B-B2, but he rashly went in for . . . Q x P; (33) Kt x P, Kt-R4? (Kt-K3!), (34) R x P!, Kt x P, (35) Kt x Kt, R x Kt ch, (36) P x R, R x P ch, (37) K-B1, R x Q, (38) R-KKt4!! etc. For this Tarrasch got the 2nd brilliancy prize, the 1st, of course, going to old Steinitz for one of the most beautiful combinations ever conceived.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(14)	R-K1	P-KB3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15)	Q-K2	Q-Q2
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(16)	QR-B1	P-B3? (K-B2!)
(4)	P-B3	Kt-B3	(17)	P-Q5!	P x P
(5)	P-Q4	P x P	(18)	Kt-Q4	K-B2
(6)	P x P	B-Kt5 ch	(19)	Kt-K6	KR-QB1
(7)	Kt-B3	P-Q4	(20)	Q-Kt4	P-Kt3
(8)	P x P	KKt x P	(21)	Kt-Kt5 ch	K-K1
(9)	0-0	B-K3	(22)	R x Kt ch!!	K-B1 (best)
(10)	B-KKt5	B-K2	(23)	R-B7 ch!	K-Kt1
(11)	B x Kt	QB x B	(24)	R-Kt7 ch	K-R1
(12)	Kt x B	Q x Kt	(25)	R x P ch	
(13)	B x B	Kt x B			

What now happened I learned from R. C. Griffith who was " steward " at that particular board. Steinitz's opponent (C. v. Bardeleben) got up and vanished in the direction of the cloak-room. He wasn't seen again till next day. It would have been more sportsmanlike to resign, or better still, to allow Steinitz to play rather than to demonstrate his forced mate in 10 after. . . K-Kt1, (26) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (27) Q-R4 ch, K x R, (28) Q-R7 ch, K-B1, (29) Q-R8 ch, K-K2, (30) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K1, (31) Q-Kt8 ch, K-K2, (32) Q-B7 ch, K-Q1, (33) Q-B8 ch, Q-K1, (34) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q2, (35) Q-Q6 mate.

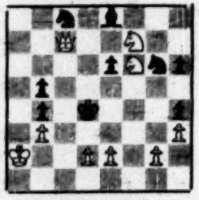
A: H. N. Pillsbury



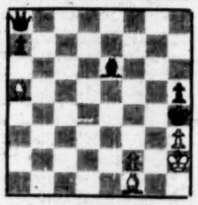
The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position achieved by the first victor of Hastings. Black in a blindfold performance he played (1) . . . Q-B2. His opponent snatched (2) B x KP. How was he punished? **B**, a 3-mover, was the toughest nut of the solution tourney preceding the first of many Hastings banquets. It gave the assembled masters nearly an hour's headache. No bargain for 6 ladder-points. **C**—White to draw—is quite a beauty and not too difficult for 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by January 7.

B: J. Berger 1895



C: M. & V. Platov 1905

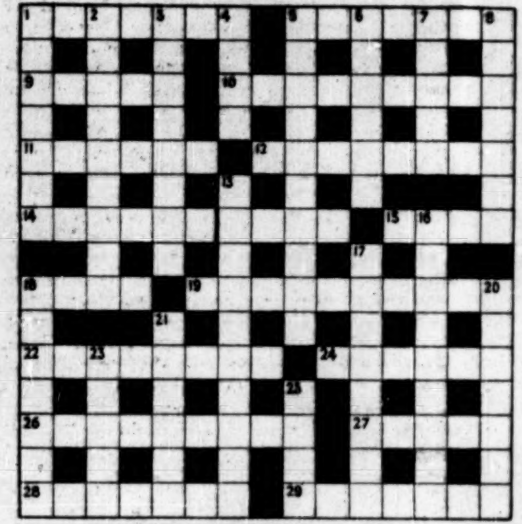


Competition report next week. Many kind wishes (seasonal and otherwise), are sincerely reciprocated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 231

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 231, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 8.



ACROSS

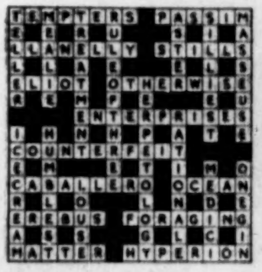
1. Saint with a job in booze (7).
5. Boy holding the edge back behind a sailor (7).
9. To catch an artist it yields oil (5).
10. Poet describes dragons writhing in a ship (9).
11. "A —— of crystal, blazoning the name of Adonais!" (Shelley) (6).
12. Run down the French after a flutter about literature (8).
14. Pay an island for a very small area (6, 4).
15. The novelist to describe existence in the first and third persons (4).
18. Fare for a Midland town (4).
19. They go round giving a performance in front of the boards (10).
22. Puts in prison to study legal penalties (8).
24. If it is not spotted, all the others are (6).
26. Footwear of advantage among sailors (9).
27. Correct in the way some men do (5).
28. An impostor makes a call to arms (7).
29. Favour fixed in the memory (7).

DOWN

1. Prosecutes in a hundred causes perhaps (7).
2. Works or melody at the right time (9).
3. They travel behind but show what is coming (8).
4. Otherwise in a concentration camp (4).
5. The youngster discovers charity in his advancement (10).
6. Page in a magazine that is for the chatterbox (6).
7. Cook the heart of the prophet (5).
8. Gives ear to light infantry weapons (7).
13. Record for a small volume (10).
16. The girl for a philosopher with one coin (9).
17. Individuals in pubs may be taken for a lady (8).
18. The disease of having hair on the face (7).
20. If you put a foot wrong, you may have no speed (7).
21. Agile as a medico in the river (6).
23. "Many people think that marmalade is ——" (Milne) (5).
25. Employer in striped trousers (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 229



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 229

Miss M. Oliver (Didsbury), D. T. Powell (Wrexham), Mrs. M. E. Gray (London, W.8).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. There is a vacancy for a Senior Lecturer in Violin on the staff of the School of Music of the University. Salary scale £1,200 × £50—£1,450 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). The work of the teacher will be allocated by the Director of the School of Music, and will include teaching individual violin students, direction of chamber music classes, concert master of the University orchestras, leader of the Faculty String Quartet, performer as soloist, etc., at faculty concerts and any additional duties as may be required by the Director; approximately 30 hours per week. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience and qualifications and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application (with testimonials) must reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than February 15, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from candidates with a good honours degree for an appointment for three years from April 1, 1957, as Administrative Assistant in the Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies at a salary on the scale £500 × £25—£800 a year, according to qualifications and experience. The Administrative Assistant may be asked to undertake a small amount of extra-mural teaching. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by January 26.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the following vacancies for club leaders: Godalming: Farncombe Youth Club. Sutton: Sutton Youth Club. Both clubs cater primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. Practical experience in mixed youth club work is essential and a recognised diploma or certificate of training is desirable. Salary (at present under review)—Men £460 × 25—£640. Women £425 × 20—£590. (Plus equal pay increments) plus London allowance at Sutton. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from The Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Senior Construction Lecturer. The Council of the A.A. invites applications for the post of Senior Construction Lecturer. Salary according to age and experience, minimum £1,100 p.a. Applications must be submitted by February 12, 1957, to the Secretary, A.A., 36 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

DENTAL Surgeon required for assistantship Leeds. Good conservative work under N.H.S. Box 9222.

SMALL progressive day-school, ideal surroundings, seeks kindergarten mistress; Easter; s/c. flat available. Mrs. Denham, Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hants.

ADMIN. Asst., good German, good shorthand/typg., under 35, £400—£500 acc. exp. Apply German Assocn. for Youth Exchange, 43 Parliament St., London, S.W.1.

THE Co-operative Party has a vacancy for an experienced shorthand-typist. Salary will depend upon age and experience. Two weeks annual holiday. Excellent superannuation scheme. Applications for interview should be addressed to Mr. J. Bailey, Secretary, The Co-operative Party, 56 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

COMMERCIAL merchanting & manufacturing firm reqs. responsible shorthand-typist with gen. office exp., to assist Director & run small bright office, close to Bethnal Green underground. No Sats. Write/'phone M. Okun, Peel Grove, E.2. ADV. 3540.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4. 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

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£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M/f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SECRETARY to Education Officer required by Council of Christians and Jews. Good shorthand and typing essential. Interesting and varied work. Five-day week. Salary £7-8 according to age and experience. Full particulars in writing to Kingsway Chambers, 162a Strand, London, W.C.2.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

GOOD experienced matron, plenty of commonsense, for small boarding department London co-educational school, ages 6-16, wanted immed. Good salary. Gardener also wanted. Box 9107.

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PUTNEY, 2 single divan-rooms with kit., use of bath, garden, suitable 2 professional men. £2 15s. each p.w. PUT. 3395.

LARGE, sunny, quiet bed-sit., ground floor. Gardens outlook, Recessed cooker, immediate hot water, 'phone, toilet. Some service. Gentleman. 3gns. wkly. Monk, HAM. 4007 mornings 10.30-11.

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OCCASIONAL use of quiet cottage, not too isolated, not too far from London, rqd. by one doing work of four. Box 9178.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LARGE modernised cottage, 10 mls. Bath, rural surroundings, adjoining main road; mains water, electricity, gas, cent. htg., attrac. gdn. £2,500. Addit. buildings & land to 2 acres avail. V.O.C. All at £3,750. Norton, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts.

COMFORTABLE family house in cul-de-sac nr. Finchley Central tube and shops. 5 bedrooms. Garden. Brick garage. £3,900. No haggling. No agents. Box 9221.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Reporter, America's brilliant fortnightly which you can now buy or subscribe to in this country, makes an ideal New Year's resolution for those who care about world affairs. This week's issue is principally devoted to "The Wrecking of the Alliance," a perceptive analysis of the underlying causes of the Suez crisis by British, American and French writers. Order your copy or subscription from your newsagent or direct from Transworld Circulation Company, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. 2s. each fortnight.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"SOCIALIST-Communist Relations" (Ben Parkin, M.P.); "Housing" (Sir Richard Coppock); "Britain and the World" (R.P.D.); Marx Family Letters (newly published) in the January "Labour Monthly." Order now, 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly subs. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Treasure Island," R. L. Stevenson. Dly. 2.30 & 7.45. Closed Mons.

ARTS. 7.30 ex. Mn., S., Sn., 5, 8. "The Ticket of Leave Man." Mats. only, "The Princess & the Swineherd." Mems.

INSTITUT Français Theatre, S.W.7. Oxford-London Groups "Romeo & Juliet" with Corin Redgrave. Jan. 2-5, 8 p.m. Mats. Jan. 2 & 5, 3 p.m. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Agents, Cecil Roy. KEN. 0121.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45 Mem.

UNITY. By public demand, discussion now after every performance.

OPERA Circle. Janacek's "Jenufa" intro. by members Covent Garden Opera Company, Sun., Jan. 6, 1957 (new date), at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics. from Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 30: Kon-Tiki (U) & Crin Blanc (U). From Dec. 31: Jacques Tati in Monsieur Hulot's Holiday (U). Chaplin, The Immigrant.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Dec. 30, 7 dys. A. Ladd, "Shane." A. "The Pearl," A.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 29. "The New Explorers," a survey of French short films: "From the Horizontal to the Vertical." 3, 6.15, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

TRAVEL Films of Austria and Italy and Tyrolean Dances will be shown in the Chelsea Town Hall on January 8, 6.30. Entrance free. All travel literature and tickets from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911 & 9225.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. Rav. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library. Dec. 29, 7.15, Will Hay in Convict 99. Gsts. 3s.

S. Place Ethical Soc., Annual Dance. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat. Dec. 29, 7.30-11. 4s. Dress optional.

NEW Year's Eve Dance. S.C.R. Don Raine Young orch. Mems.' bar, etc. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Nearest stn. High St. Ken. Buses 9, 27, 28, 31, 49, 52, 73. 7s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Monday, Dec. 31, 8 p.m.-2 a.m. New Year's Eve Dance. Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Members 15s., double tickets for members 25s., guests 17s. 6d.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8, is holding a Grand Carnival Night on New Year's Eve, Monday, December 31, from 8 p.m. for members and their guests.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Jan. 6 at 3. Amadeus String Quartet. Works by Haydn, Mozart & Beethoven. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & agts.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions all printed at Ganymed's works in Middlesex are among the very best reproductions of the world. From all good printshops, illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

HENRI Gaudier-Brzeska. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, till Jan. 19. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tu. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s. (admits to Bevan also).

ROBERT Bevan. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Till Jan. 19. Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s. (admits to Gaudier-Brzeska also).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1956-57. Opens Dec. 29. Wk.-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery. 32a St. George Street, W.1. 20th Century Drawings, also Paintings on Silk by Bettina. Until Jan. 11. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Stephen Tennant, Designs. Dly. 11-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. The 1956 Exhibition of Original French & English Lithographs. Picasso; Braque; Sutherland, etc. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Electricity in the Service of Medicine; Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health; and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Dec. 30, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Retrospect & Prospect."

WHAT do you know—about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Exports, Tariffs, Free Trade, Monopolies, Subsidies, Planning, Taxation and the fascinating background to economic and political problems of the day? Round-the-table study courses in everyday economics begin on January 15 & 17 at Westminster. Nominal charge of 5s. includes textbook. Attend on either Tuesday or Thursday evenings. Write: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, for prospectus or Telephone ABBey 6665. (You may enrol on the opening night.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RICHARD III. Talk by Hugh Ross Williamson. Jan. 9, Seymour Hall at 8. Apply for details of The Fellowship of the White Boar to Hon. Sec., 29 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. SLO. 5916.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, 6 p.m., Jan. 5. Film: "Diary of a Country Priest."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri. Jan. 4, 8.30. Marjorie Sykes: "Significance of the 'Sarvodaya' Movement." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 Off Leinster Terrace.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

INTERESTING study, vacancies term commencing Monday, January 7, in "Parliament Weekly," Philosophy, Bible in a Scientific Age, Italic Handwriting, Modern Literature, Writing Music, Home of Your Own, Italian, Cookery (men). Moderate fees. Apply Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tel. EUSton 1816.

THE University of Birmingham will offer a one-year post-graduate course in applied social studies (social casework), within the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, commencing in October, 1957. This course will lead to a graduate diploma in social work and is intended to provide a professional education and qualification for candidates desiring to practice in any branch of social case work, with the exception of psychiatric social work. Applicants should hold a degree or post-graduate qualification in the social sciences, but certain exceptions may be made in the case of those who hold only certificates. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Birmingham, aft. Jan. 1, 1957.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree) & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate, Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1. New courses start Jan. 7.

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PERSONAL

READ Bible through in a year. Twenty minutes interest-sustaining daily readings. Tables (unique system) by post 2½d. Viner Hall, Institute, Neva Rd., Weston-s.-Mare.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

PERSONAL—continued

HUNGARIAN relief: Our first supply of medicines for Hungary was sent by messenger on November 1. Now 14 members of the Unit and 4 vehicles are active in Austria, sorting and distributing essential supplies; transporting workers and refugees. Contributions to Friends Ambulance Unit, Tunmers, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

A BOY of 5 and his 3-year-old sister are urgently in need of a permanent home with a kindly young couple who will be able to provide a normal happy home for them. Reas. payments made. Write fully to Children's Officer, 36 Barking Rd., East Ham, E.6.

COUPLE living comfortable boat centre Paris seek young person help in house, mind baby, live as family, no heavy work. Kay, N.A.T.O., Palais de Chaillot, Paris 16.

SELF-contained bed-sitter available to lady best part Hampstead in return for a very little domestic help. Box 9234.

PUBLISHER wanted, veg. cook book. Or would sell MSS to Food Co. Box 9137.

OCCASIONAL use of quiet cottage, not too isolated, not too far from London, rqd. by one doing work of four. Box 9179.

YOUNG man (30) successful, wishes to scrap everything and start in a new field. Any suggestions welcomed. All replies answered. Box 9190.

THE Society for Psychical Research invites co-operation in a large-scale survey of recent psychic experiences—apparitions, telepathy, prophetic dreams, etc. For particulars and report forms apply to Secretary, 31 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

PLAYING the Guitar (beginners): Jan. 4-7 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Art of Living." Dec. 31-Jan. 11.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

"AT night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden and with Mercer sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped." If your wife, like Mrs. Pepys, doesn't like your singing, play the recorder instead—especially the old and new music of the "Flauto Dolce" Recorder Series edited by Carl Dolmetsch, Universal Edition, 24 Great Pulteney Street, London, W.1. GER. 5203.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

AIR Tours in 1957 including air travel both ways and a fortnight's accommodation and full board at charges little higher than normal air fares alone. Southern Spain —15 days to Madrid, then coach tour to Cordoba, Seville, Malaga, Granada, with air to Madrid. 48½gns. Italian Riviera—Two weeks at Laiguiglia, near Alassio. Air to Nice. 37½gns. The Tyrol—Fortnight at a newly built hotel in a village above Innsbruck. Air to Munich. 36½gns. Spanish Coast—Fortnight at an hotel right on the sands at Castro Urdiales, our 1957 "discovery." Air to Bilbao. 39½gns. Yugoslavia —15 days to Lovran near Opatija on Adriatic coast. Air to Klagenfurt, thence by private coach. 45gns. Switzerland—A week at Montreux and a week at Trient, lovely mountain centre in the Valais. Air to Basle. 38gns. Also E. Switzerland, Majorca, Salzburg Lake District, etc. Write for Air Holidays programme to Wings, Limited, 48 (B), Park Rd., London, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

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